


# BERLIN — NEW YORK





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**ARNOLD DREYBLATT**  
**BRUNA ESPOSITO**  
**JOHN FEKNER**  
**GUY MARTIN**  
**ANN MESSNER**  
**PETER MÖNNIG**  
**ALAN MOORE**  
**BÄRBEL ROTHHAAR**  
**NORBERT STÜCK**  
**PENELOPE WEHRLI**  
**WERNER ZEIN**

A collaboration of artists from Berlin and New York in a multi-media project of painting, sculpture, performance, video, film and literature with the urban landscape as site and industrial and communications technology as conceptual basis.

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Typesetting: Alan Moore/Strong Silent Type  
Photostats: Lannes Kenfield/Stats All  
Printing: Jae Kim Printing Co., Inc.

Published May, 1987 in New York City  
by Collaborative Projects  
Post Office Box 404  
Prince Street Station  
New York City, 10013

We'd like to thank Goethe Haus N.Y. for their kind support and also the Berlin Senator für Kulturelle Angelegenheiten who paid for the airfares of the German artists.

The exhibition is partially supported by New York State Council on the Arts, Film Video Arts, NYC Department of Cultural Affairs' Materials for the Arts program, and private donors.

Exhibition funds managed by Cultural Council Foundation.



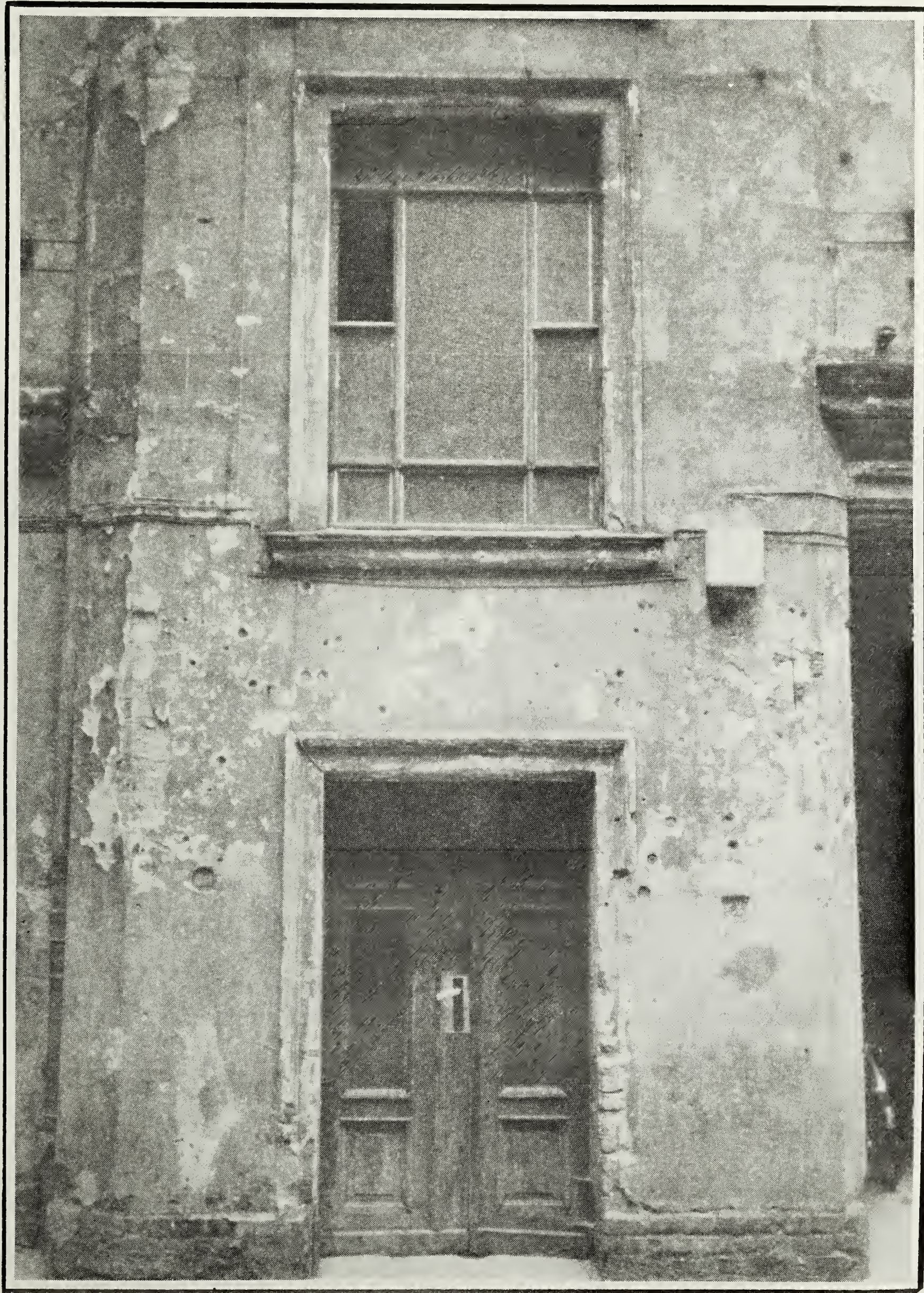


Photo by Guy Martin



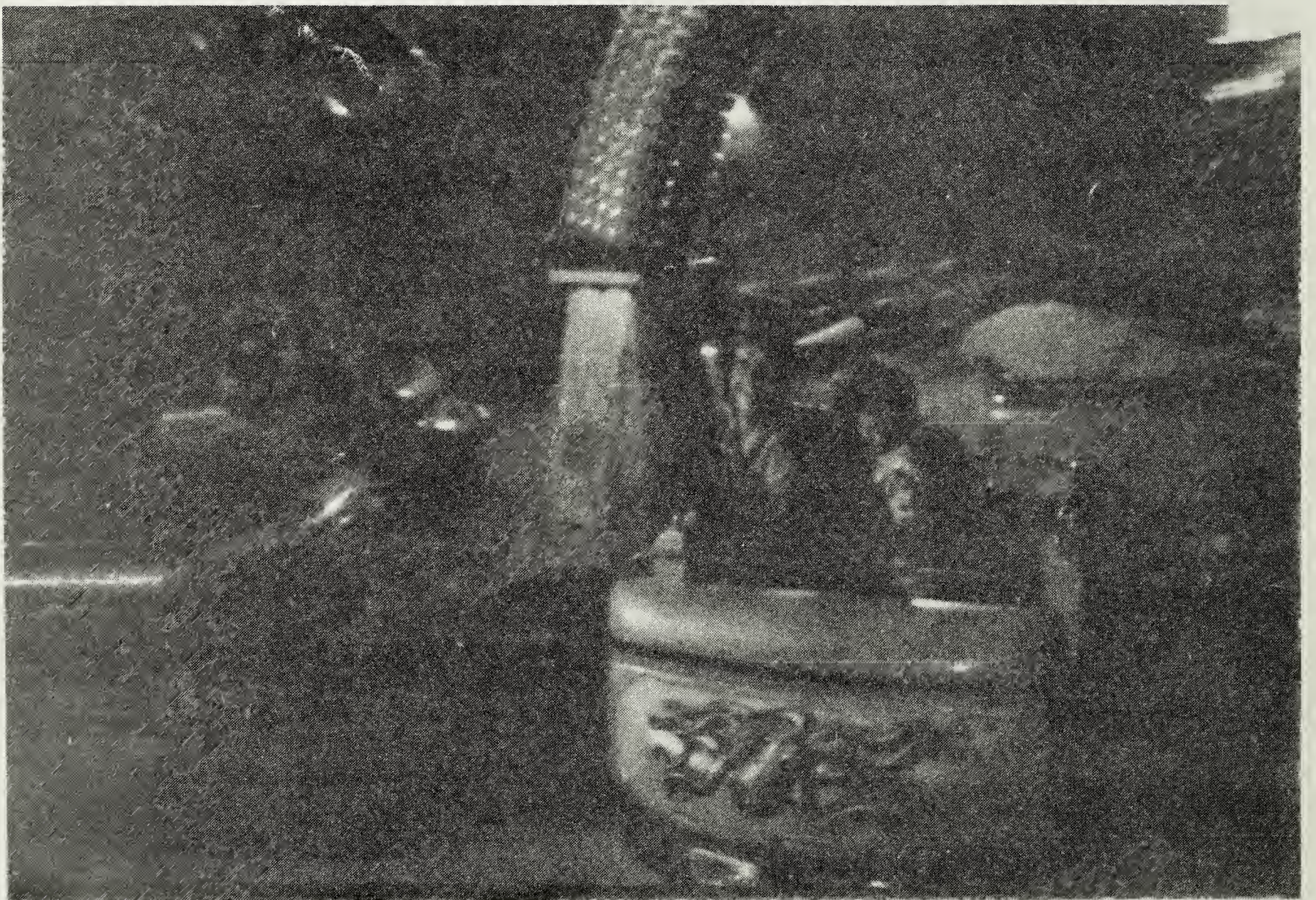


Photo by Guy Martin.



**KYONG PARK**

## **SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT COLLABORATION**

Under the name of collaboration, the exhibition of "Berlin/New York" is taking place at Storefront for Art & Architecture, where artists of two different cultures are here together in one context. The making of art through discourse, bridging different cultural experiences, and the synthesis of private visions and public meanings are the pretext of this collaboration of six artists from Berlin and six artists from New York.

The act of sharing ideas, knowledge and products of art through collaboration is a fashionable program in art today. Although its original intention is honorable, current examples of collaboration in the form of exhibitions and public projects are often too literal and too physical, as most manifestations of concepts from this pragmatically rational culture tend to become. Artists are blind-dating with unfamiliar partners and pressure cooked to produce a single object as a proof of collaboration. The results are divisive and compromising output, and the remains are juicy stories of literal confrontation of self-enamored egos, not art itself. The high hope for an ideal collaboration has only produced battlefields of self-interest and eccentricities by individualistic artists, logical by-products of the genesis of Western intellectualism.

Disenchanted by the degree of difficulties experienced from their past collaborations, many artists are grappling to find new ways to tackle this complicated proposition, as it still offers an alternative to the hermetic existence of art. Perhaps the first conscious act we must take is to step out of the Platonic chamber of art itself, and to examine the existing forms of collaboration within the public world.

The world itself is shaped by the spectrum of human collaborations and conflicts. The current proliferation of armaments, analogous to the addictive progress of industrial and technological materialism, is a collective accumulation of a vast quantity of irreconcilable differences, only to be resolved through a ballistic finality. A Sunday drive through the coun-

tryside is a narrative display of the synthesis of numerous elements of nature, where the objects of expressions and images of memories form a collaborative event. The avenues of our cities are graphic displays of human conflicts in the form of political, racial, and economic forces which shape the perpetual struggle between wealth and poverty.

The definition of collaboration and its difference from conflict is not as clear as some of us believe. Each side of a conflict/collaboration exists to shape its own ideology, identity, and purposes, as it is for every political, cultural and national faction. Within the collaborative group itself—from the Girl Scouts to the John Birch Society—internal conflicts exist to define common principles and articulate power structures. The shape of collaborations and conflicts are neither distinct nor identical. They are paradoxical.

The co-existence of differences and similarities is the true form of collaboration. They must be kept in balance and integrated; one side may never be annihilated nor be superior. Collaboration is to accept the differences of others and support their existence, a necessary endeavor to postpone a global homogeneity of culture. Conflicts come from our own prejudices and inability to accept more than one cultural concept—witness the theory and practice of colonialism, imperialism, and slavery.

Art is not superior to nor exclusive from other human activities. There is a presence of art in all human activity. Artists can emulate examples of collaborative actions in the public world, and assimilate them into their own workings. One example of collaboration is the interplay of waves and sand at a sea shore as their independent conflicts bring the collaborated beauty of a whole.

Kyong Park  
April 23, 1987

*Kyong Park is the director of the Storefront for Art & Architecture.*





Photo by Jane Dickson.



## ABOUT FIREWORKS . . . A CONVERSATION BETWEEN ANN MESSNER AND BÄRBEL ROTHHAAR

*Bärbel:* A friend from Nanjing told me that it used to be common in China for ink-painters to work together on one painting. One would begin, the next one would come in and a third, and so on. Also they would follow certain rules.

*Ann:* The rules are standardized?

*Bärbel:* Not totally standardized, but there are aesthetic rules with a certain tradition of each kind of painting, like landscape, flowers, bamboo, etc. When they work together I imagine it like some type of free jazz session. The work builds up and gets more complicated towards the end. Because this is a cultivated sensibility, the artists will know if it has been successful. He also said that the younger generation is choosing not to work this way and preferring to paint more individually.

*Ann:* Becoming more westernized . . .

*Bärbel:* Yes, and I think the opposite is happening to us.

*Ann:* Do you think so?

*Bärbel:* People are tired of individualism because of the isolation it creates.

*Ann:* Actually I disagree with that. I think in the '70s there was more of a tendency towards different forms of cooperation. But now the emphasis in the visual arts is so focused on the market and what the market demands, which amplifies the idea of the "individual."

*Bärbel:* But don't you feel the need?

*Ann:* Yes . . . and no. I think it is difficult to answer. In many ways it is certainly simpler to work by one's self. On the other hand, if there is a project that a group of people believe in there is a sense of having accomplished something, being part of something, a sense of community. You can reinforce each other's ideas, add things, subtract things, it becomes more complex because there is a gelling of two or more perspectives. You can have a more critical dialogue than with only yourself.

*Bärbel:* One problem really is that it is hard to trust each other, that ideas will get stolen because we are sensitive about our trademarks. My collaborations haven't always worked out. Sometimes the pieces did not come together, or a personal problem occurred that destroyed the trust that had started to develop. But even the failures gave me something, knowledge or experience of a process. I had to explain and stand up for what I was doing (and usually do it in a less than conscious way).

*Ann:* You are talking about entering the chance involved in risk. If you decide to collaborate you are opening yourself up and making yourself vulnerable.

*Bärbel:* That's actually hard to do because we are all harboring our own little egos. It is very difficult to find someone with whom you can maintain a balance so each is able to contribute

and reinforce the other's thinking, where there is not a situation of domination. Have you experienced that a collaboration can run very smoothly because one takes the lead and then falls apart as soon as the other begins to question it?

*Ann:* Obviously the best situation is the combination of two or more people who are complementary . . . I like the idea of trust in this context . . . actually you have to watch it because it's very nice and idealistic to talk about collaboration and what one would desire in terms of one's social perspective. Look, I get pleasure at doing work by myself. It can feel good being isolated. Though if I recount the times I have been the most satisfied it was certainly when working with others.

*Bärbel:* So then the question is: Is collaboration an issue?

*Ann:* I was just thinking of other professions where people work creatively and where it is given that there is cooperative effort, where the buildup of information is provided by people of separate expertise towards a common aim . . . idealistically, as in science. Or think of the developmental procedures within the military.

*Bärbel:* This is an uncomfortable thought that some of the best collaborations are done for military research. Ironically gunpowder was invented by the Chinese, but only for fantastic fireworks displays.



Photo by Ann Messner.



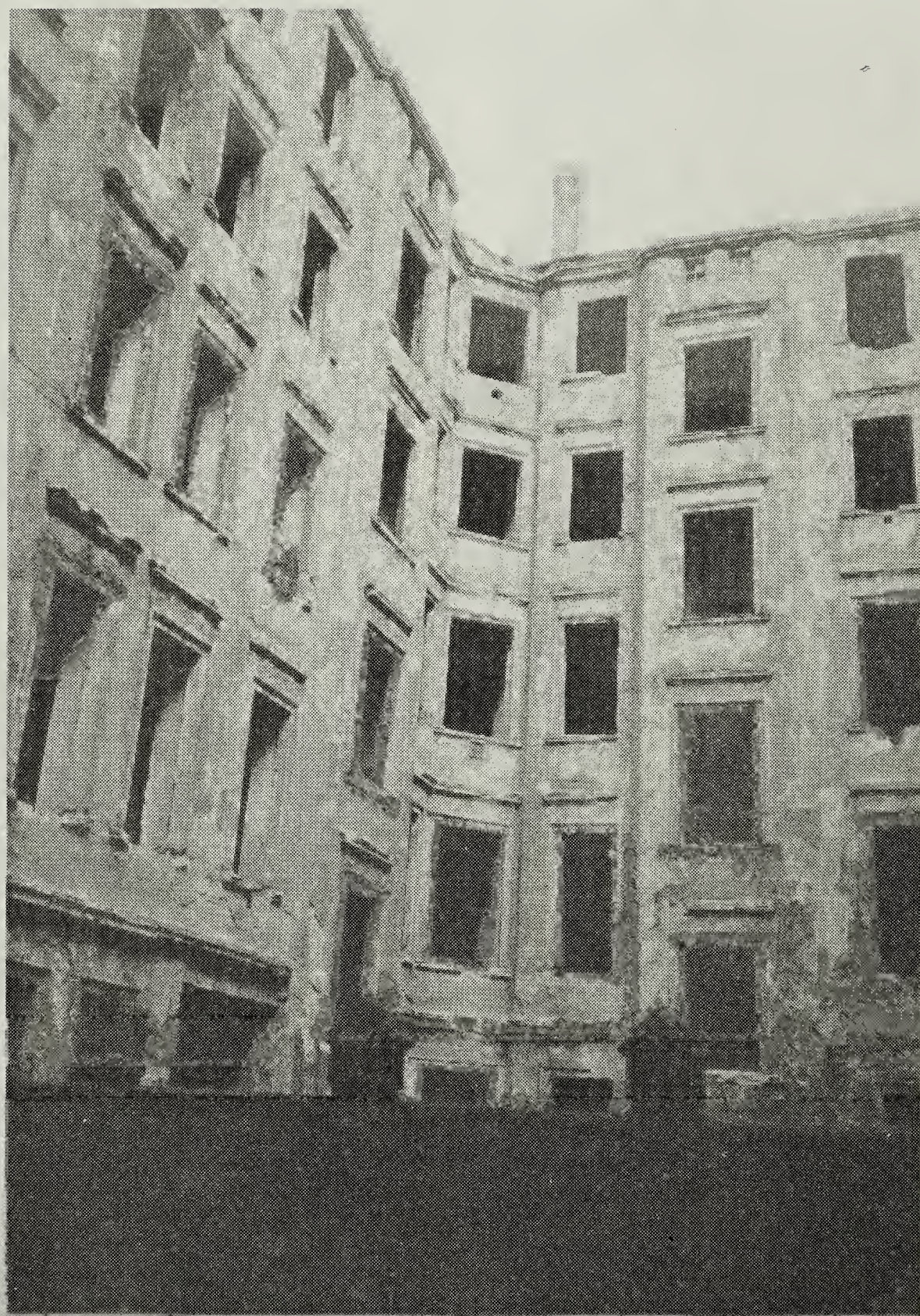
# GUY MARTIN / NORBERT STÜCK





**DUSTSYSTEM**





BERLIN  
LEHRTER STR.  
1986



## SCHEMATIC FOR ART DEBATE

**STÜCK:** It isn't what it is.

**MARTIN:** It is what it isn't.

*The manufacture of dust.* Dust is of course mostly a reduction. We manufacture dust by engaging the devilish motor of entropy, which can take many forms. We seem to agree that things of great value are buried everywhere. In most places on earth, we live physically elevated on mountains of dust manufactured over long periods of time. Nowadays the most efficient way to manufacture large quantities of dust is with a bomb. The process remains essentially unaffected, the bomb simply accelerates it.

*The location of habitats which have been razed.* The question implies a sort of competition between what stands in a place versus the nature of what stands in one's head. If enough living humans remember a spot—if enough attention grooms a place, making it hot—then that place is fixed for a while in time, whether it exists or not. This leaves traces in the air, among other things. It helps us to keep these places if blood has flowed on them. That may require us to pour more blood out, or it may stand as a debt.

The soft clean curve of the eastern Mediterranean, and out on a dusty yellow salient, the old city of Tyre. It was built as an island city-state and became a Phoenician trading capital whose fame rested on the prized Tyrian purple dye, gotten from shellfish. The people worshipped the god Baal, invented an alphabet and a superior method of calculation, colonized North Africa and the Iberian peninsula. Tyre was routinely sacked for its wealth, most notably in a two-year siege by Alexander the Great, who was forced to build a land bridge out to the island in order to take it. The bridge, now a half-mile wide with the sediments of the years, is the salient on which the city stands.

Tyre is a lazy fishing port baking in the sun. The fishermen here still use nets, an index of their reasonableness and their talent. They sneer at their competitors down the coast, who have smaller boats and less skill but who try to make up for that by killing the fish with plastic explosives, which they buy for a percentage of the catch from the militiamen in their quarter. Tyre is also still a market town. Although the militias of many factions have long since

locked it in, the old trading instinct is still strong in the people, and they bribe their way through the lines to and from Beirut for the most unlikely luxuries, Ankara figs, African dates, Parisian Chevre still wet in its grape-leaf wrapping.

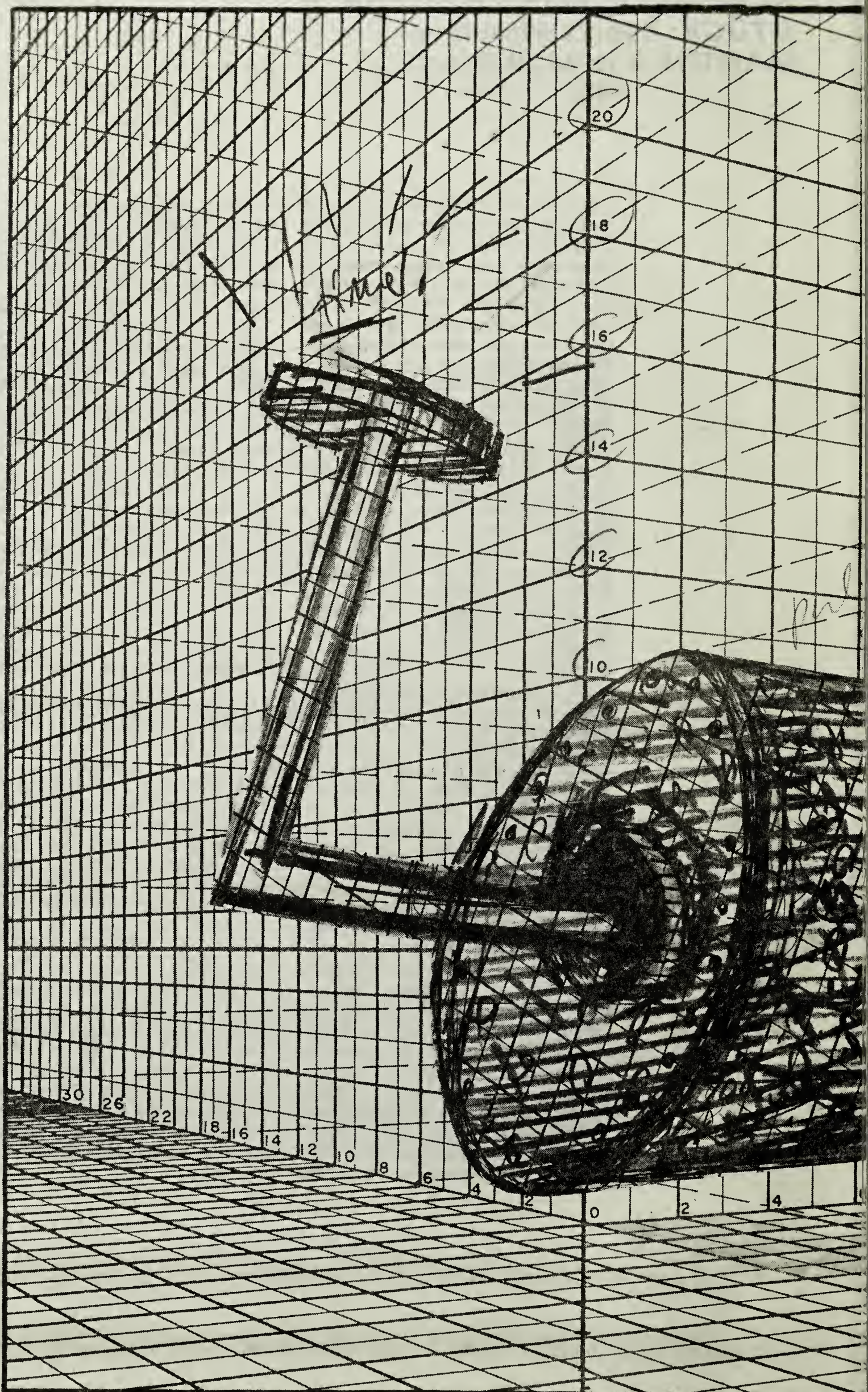
Just east of the town is a fertile coastal strip tangled with orange groves, and several smaller villages clustered about the neck of the salient, including Bourj ash Shemali, a large refugee camp. The refugee camp is in the business of spawning members for the factions, a thriving industry in the region. In addition to small arms, each group has anti-tank weapons, a few Katyusha rockets, and some 23mm anti-aircraft guns mounted on Ford pickup trucks. No one can explain how they got the pickups. The factions are not powerful but there are so many of them that they add up to a sort of nasty military soufflé, and as an aggregate they rule the territory surrounding Tyre, including the orange groves. This territory is called the Tyre Pocket. Some of the militias in the Pocket control the salient itself.

The balance of power in the Pocket changes all the time. From the nation of Hungary comes a shipment of sixty T-34 tanks, Russian-made, of post-WWII vintage. These machines are not really usable except as big guns that may be towed, emplaced, and then used as artillery. Over the winter the mud was too deep to bring them down into the Pocket, but everything dries out in spring, and the first few tanks have already arrived. This upsets many people around Tyre, because they know it won't be long before their hyper-vigilant southern neighbors, the Israeli Air Force, drop by to clean house.

At precisely 5 P.M. on a Monday in late April, the militias' anti-aircraft starts to chatter and the first explosion comes, the trademark groan-with-echo of an attack. It starts out sounding like artillery, but then grows bigger, rounder, deeper in the ground, and the concussion shakes the hills. After the first one there is silence, then four more on top of each other. Then the jets scream back up into position over Tyre.

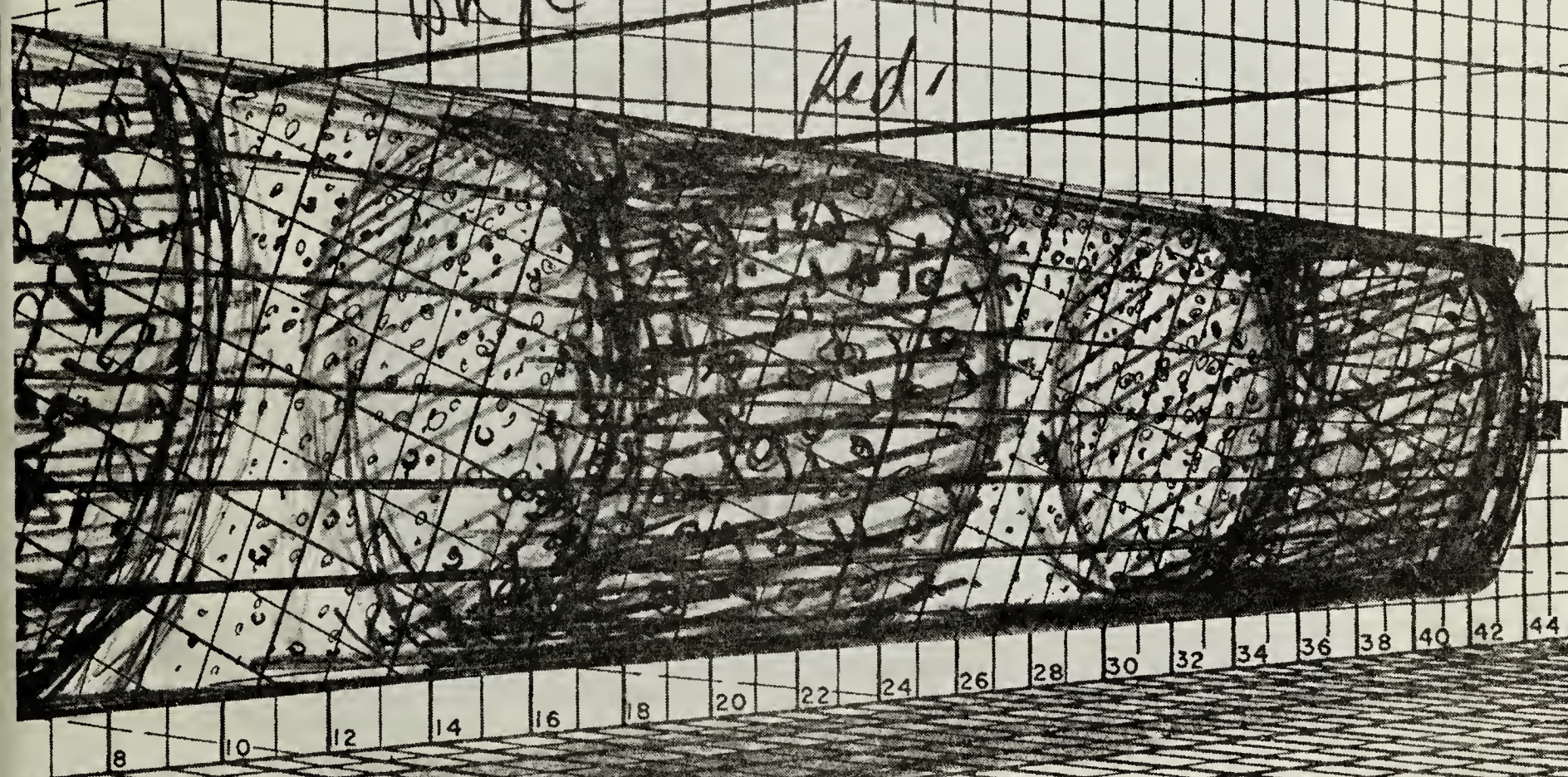


145A987.N.Y. DIST-SYSTEM.





grained bricks  
red  
sharp powder  
white  
pulverized bricks  
Red





There are four planes in this sortie, F-4 Phantoms, moving cleanly on their rounds with instant, massive results. It is admirable the way this happens. The plans have three jobs they trade freely, which are: placing the bombs, flattening the anti-aircraft, and trolling for interceptors. There are no interceptors today. Sometimes just one of the planes stays high, riding shotgun, and three of them loop in, but more often they dive in pairs. In numbers it is one of the smaller bombing raids, but the bombs sound bigger than usual.

The planes fall straight down out of the sky as they dive. They fall for as long as they can to gain on their targets while presenting the smallest, fastest version of themselves. They also want to keep their exhausts pointed away from heat-seeking missiles. The confuse the missiles, the planes excrete flares that burn pink-and-silver in the air, hotter than their exhausts.

A dive happens like this: a pair of planes peel off the hawk-like circle, pause, and fall. About two-thirds of the way down the pilots start to brake, revealing their planes' bellies to the ground. Of course, they have to do this to release the bombs, but this is also the sporting part, the beginning of those painful seconds when the curve of vulnerability rises against the planes and in favor of the gunners and ground rocketeers. The planes have three pieces of business as they approach the ground: The first and greatest is to wrestle their noses up, the second is to release the bombs, and the third is to try to make life uncomfortable for the people who are trying to shoot them. The pilots try to keep this time short, and the militias fight to extend it. Then the planes climb, ass-to-the-danger, laying tiny, impossibly bright chains of flares as the bombs hit. Back near the top they gain their velocity, shoot past their wingmates, skid around in the air and catch themselves like cats.

Their performance together becomes a single strong thing in space, a calculus of risk and accomplishment. The planes define the shape as a giant inverted cone, with the flares drifting and burning its outline in the air. Something different happens everywhere on the structure at once. The bombs drum in on top of each

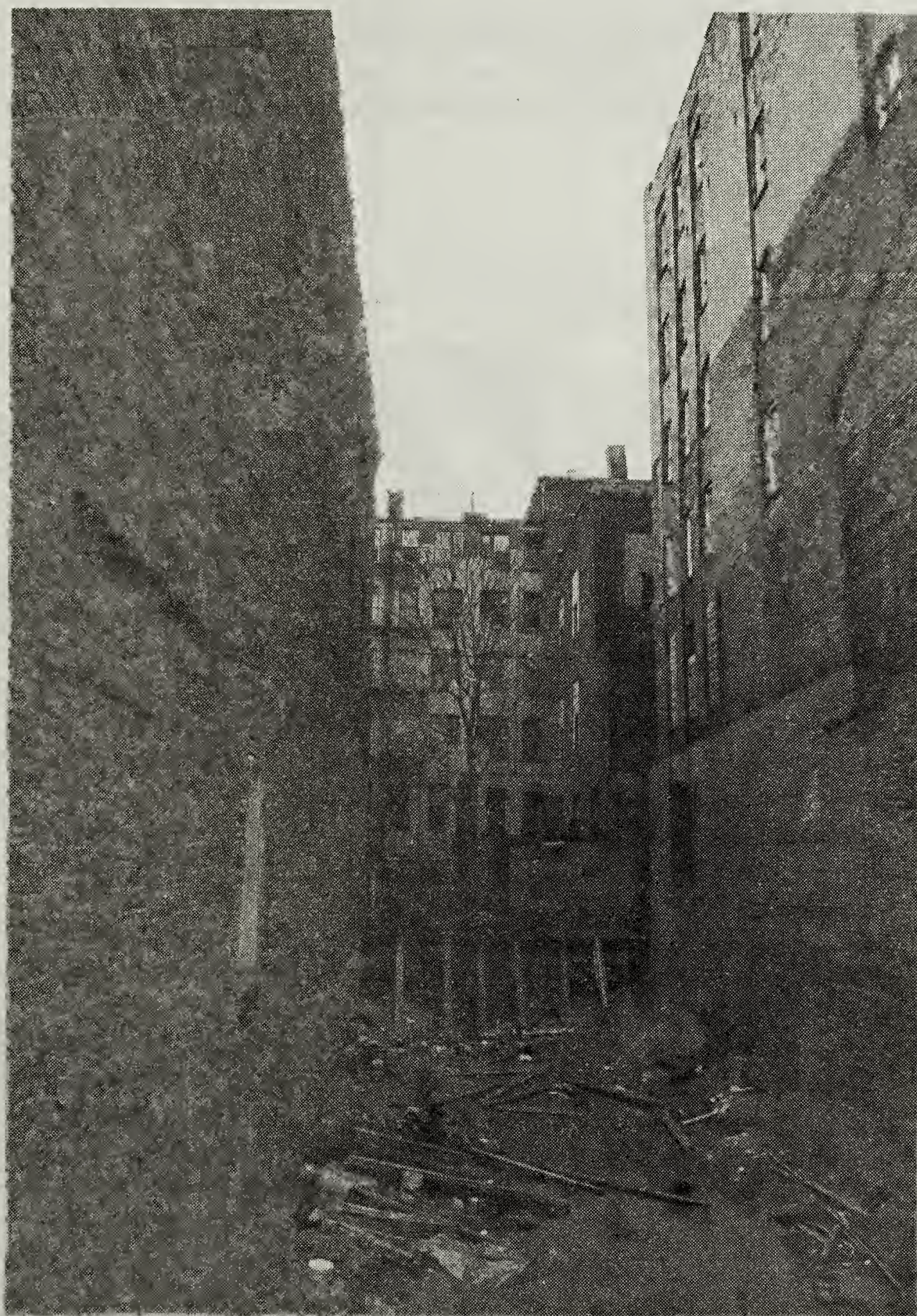
other so that each explosion masks the crackling leftover trail of the bomb before it. The sound muscles out over everything for miles, the footsteps of a large animal walking and then breaking into a run.

The sortie is finished in precisely twenty minutes. There is a lot of fire burning on the ground, and much pulver and smoke in the air. The smoke collects down there as if it had been waiting for the planes to go. A column of it blooms up on the heat, weaving like a mammoth trunk of wisteria. The evening sun highlights different parts of the smoke, turning it white, dark green, purple, black. The column rises hundreds of feet in this light and then hits a layer of cold air and spreads out flat, the horizontal arm of a great flag marking the place.

Along the southern edge of Tyre lies an empty brown field littered with the broken columns of a Roman temple. Things are not burning there because there is nothing to burn, but plenty of dust has been kicked up. The planes have not actually bombed the temple—a long abandoned archaeological dig—but a couple of strays have fallen near the Hippodrome, the old Roman racetrack. The militias had a couple of anti-aircraft pickups parked around there. The people of Tyre are nearly always happy when this happens. They profit from the bombs and from the older versions of Tyre underneath this one. They come out of their houses once they are sure the raid is over, trotting through the clouds of dust to the Hippodrome, where they root around in the bomb craters for antiquities. Occasionally, they say, they even find gold.

—Guy Martin  
24 April, 1987  
New York





NEW YORK  
115 BOWERY  
1987



# DAVID BLAIR

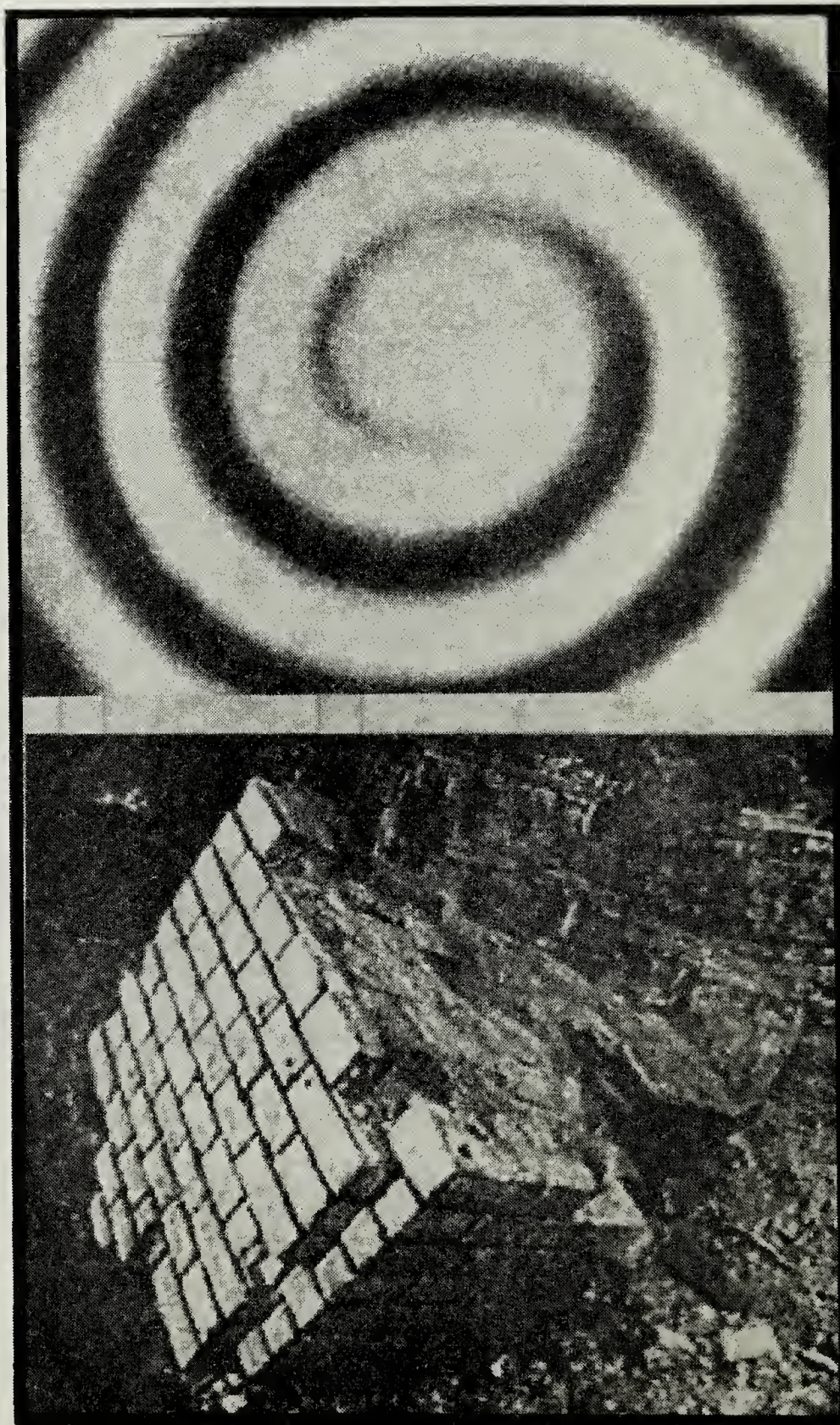
FROM THE NIPKOW ARCHIVE, BERLIN

*Selections from the "curriculum vitae" of Paul Nipkow. It is Mr. Nipkow who is responsible for the discovery of the Nipkow Disc on Christmas Day, 1883, which for the first time provided a practical means of coherently dissecting moving images for the purpose of their electrical transmission and reconstruction.*

"I was born the second son of a bakery owner (later a loan bank executive), Friedrich Wilhelm Nipkow, and his wife Therese, on August 22, 1860 in Lanenburg, Pomerania.

"Already early in my university education, while experimenting with a self-constructed microphone and [an example of the newly-invented] Bell telephone which had been begged for as a loan from the Reichspost, the concept 'Electric Telescope' grew in me. It haunted me constantly in the university.

"In 1883, on Christmas Eve, in my Berliner student apartment, N.W., Philipstrasse 13A, across from the church, in the left courtyard, the third stairway on the left, this concept became the seizable logical general idea of *television*, which is still today at the foundation of all television sets. Very soon the details came to me automatically (like an everyday walking thought), especially the plate perforated in a spiral form . . . [F]rom this I could file on January 6, 1884, the report which became the Reichspatent 30105."



## COMMENTARY

How the Nipkow Disc works:

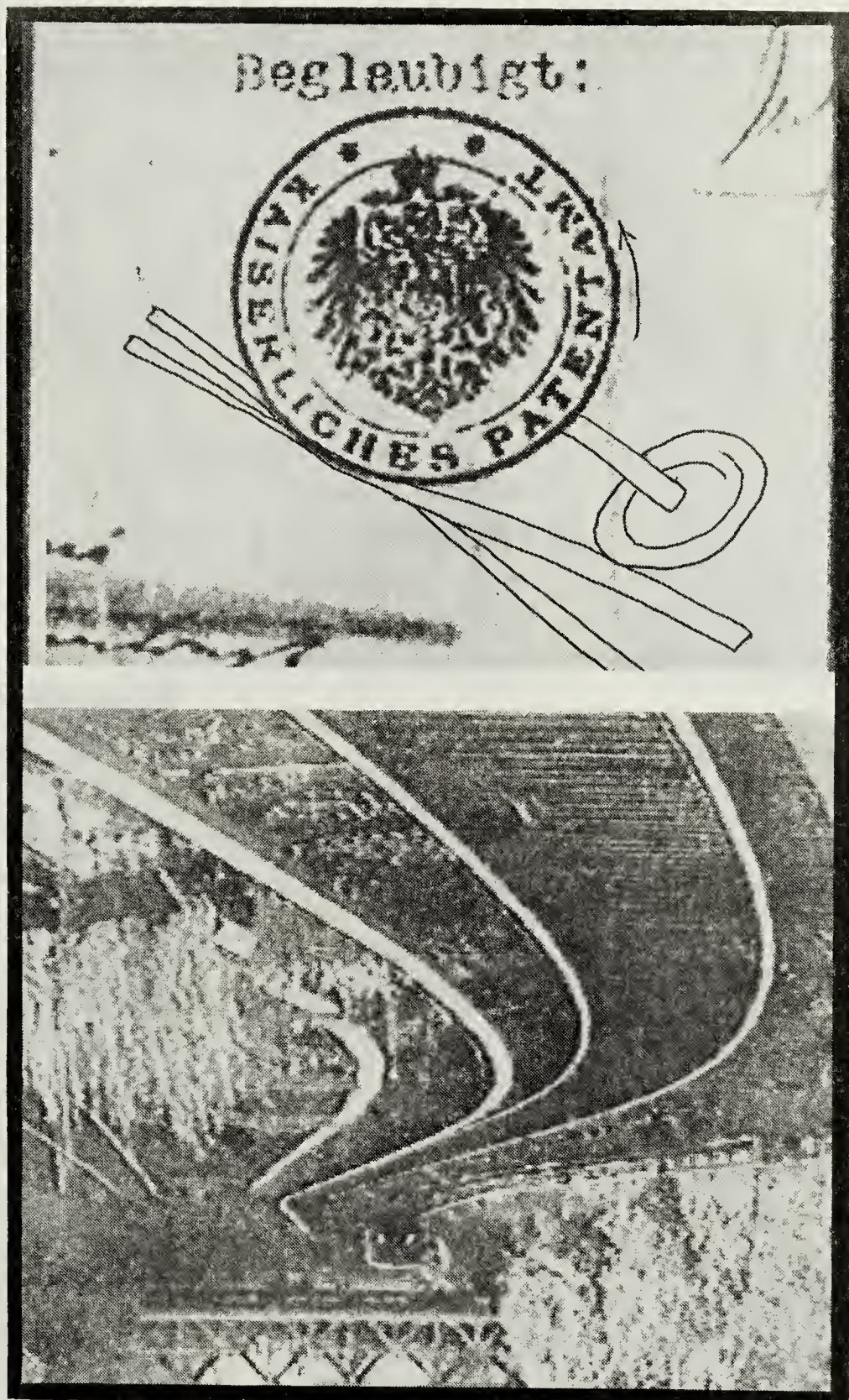


"My father died in 1892, after many years of honorary activity as the principal of the Town Council. In 1887 he presented the railway carriage *Liebesgaben* [Love-Gift] in front of Paris.

"[During that decade] my thought and worry went towards my work in my profession with the railway signal company in Berlin—the practical and constructive problem of engineering a new railway safety system. Only on the side, in the few leisure hours available, could I manage to indulge in my passion for the then big questions in technic, especially the problem of heavier than air flight."

#### COMMENTARY

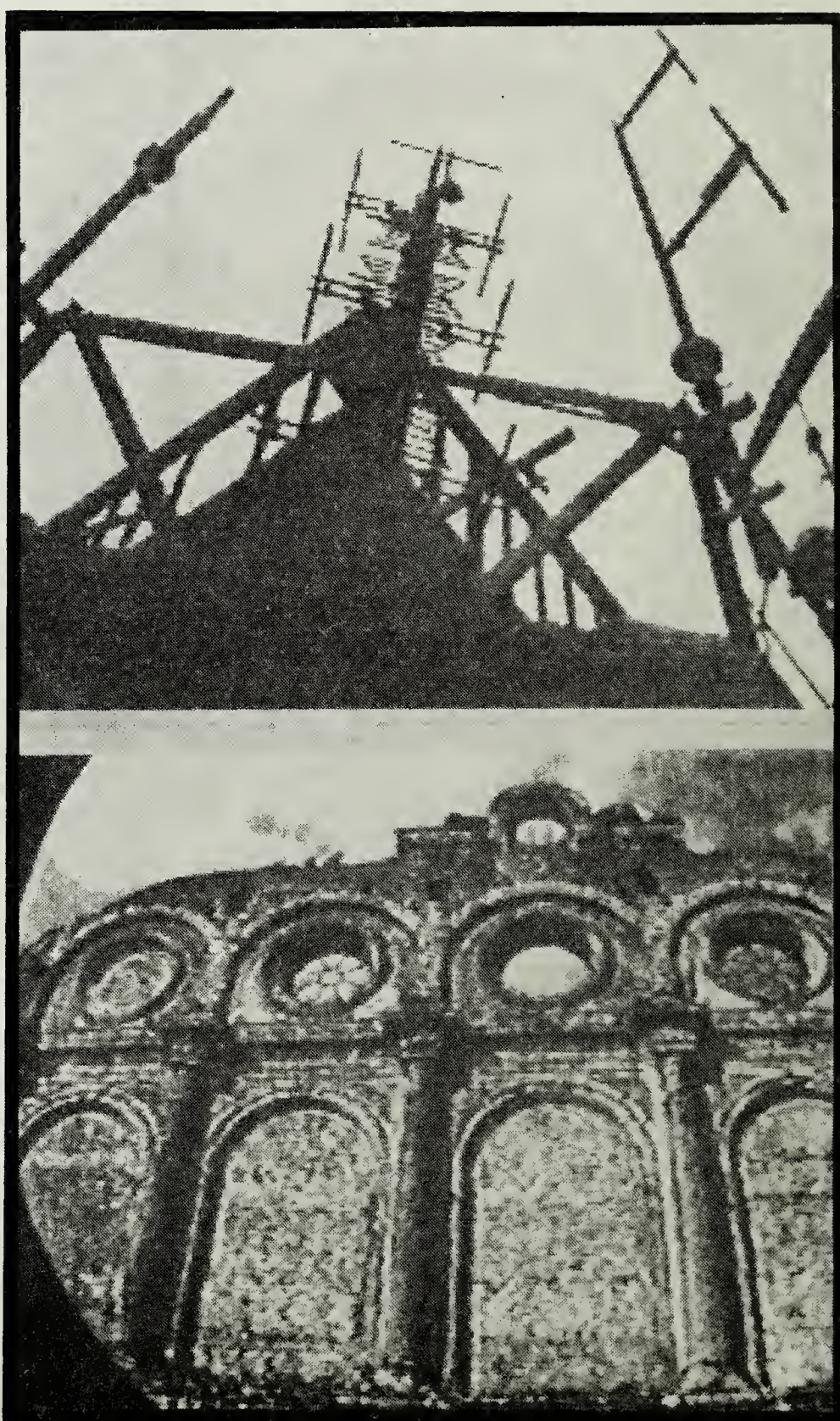
A hypothesis which concerns itself with establishing a resemblance between Mr. Nipkow's system of an Electric Telescope, where in this case we have the Nipkow Disc of a transmitter synchronized with the Nipkow Disc of a receiver by means of a shaft, and the very similarly constructed axle and wheels which transport the railroad car.





"My 76th birthday this year got a special celebration through a photograph of Reichsminister Dr. Goebbels and a personal greeting telegram from the Führer and Reichschancellor Adolf Hitler from the Berchtesgarden."

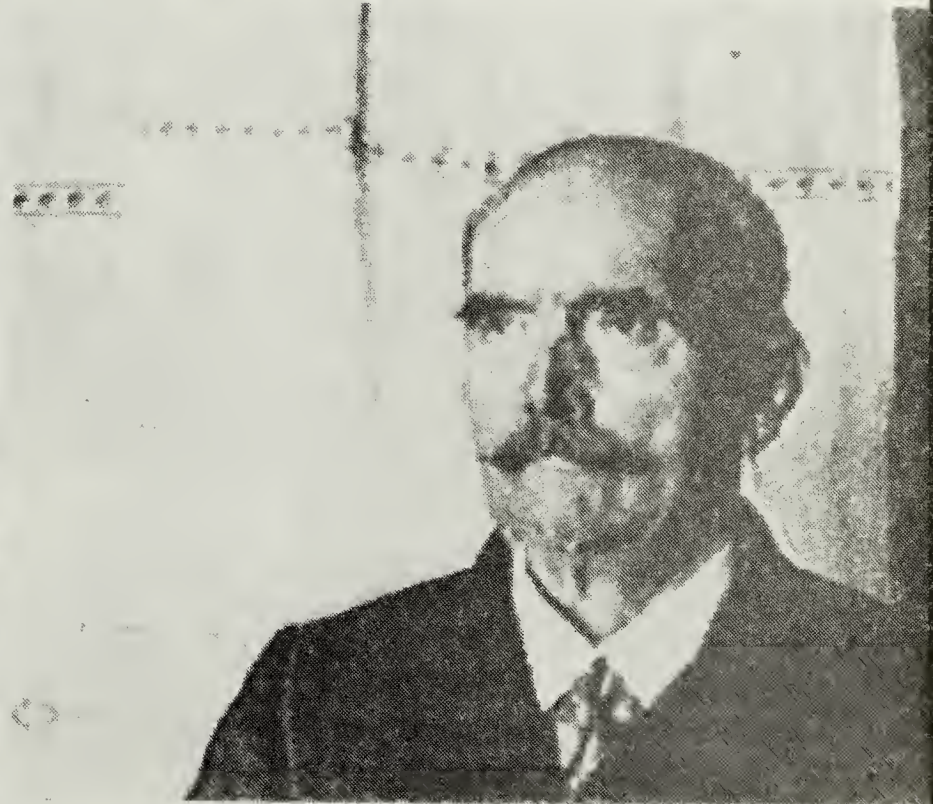
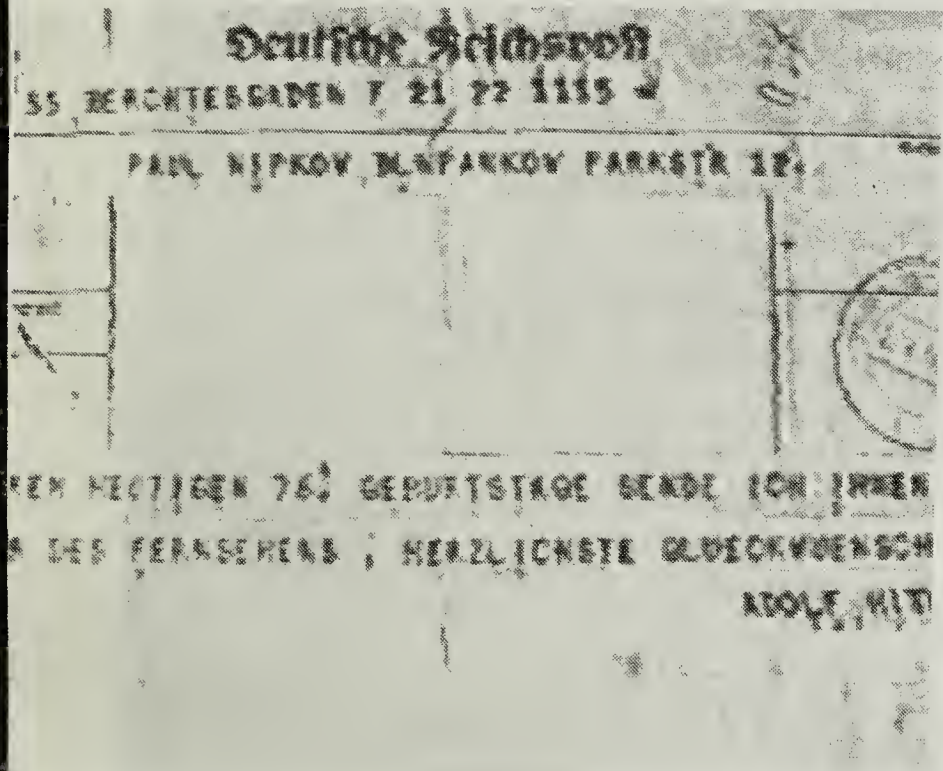
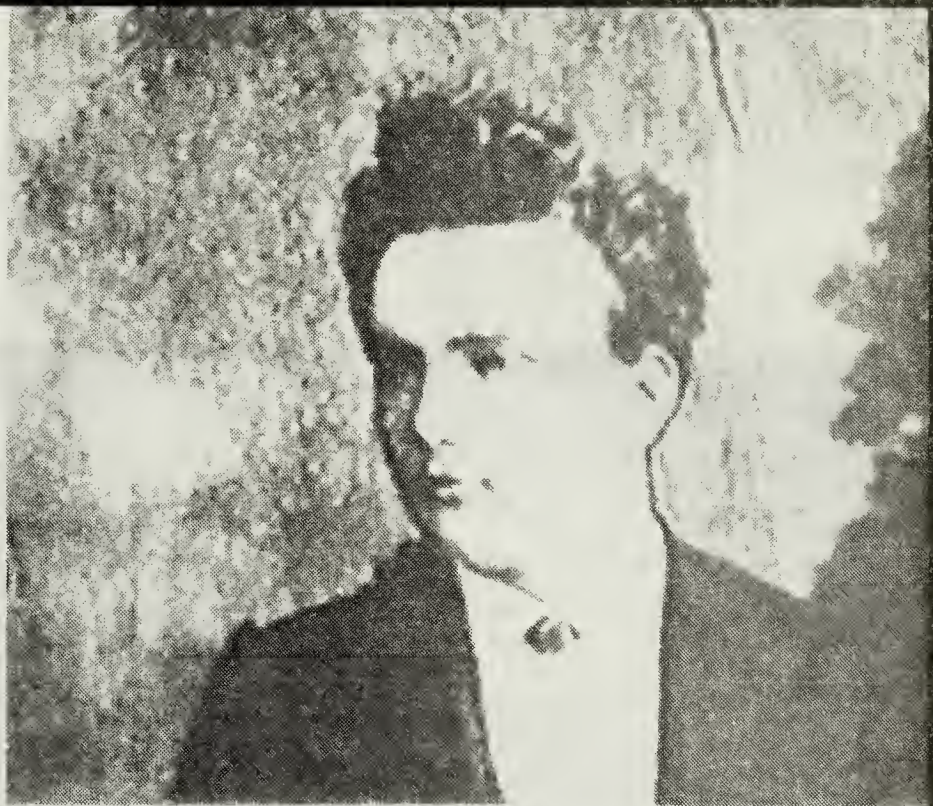
(Approximate text of the telegram: "Paul Nipkow. You are 76 years. You are truly the founder of television. Adolf Hitler.")



#### COMMENTARY

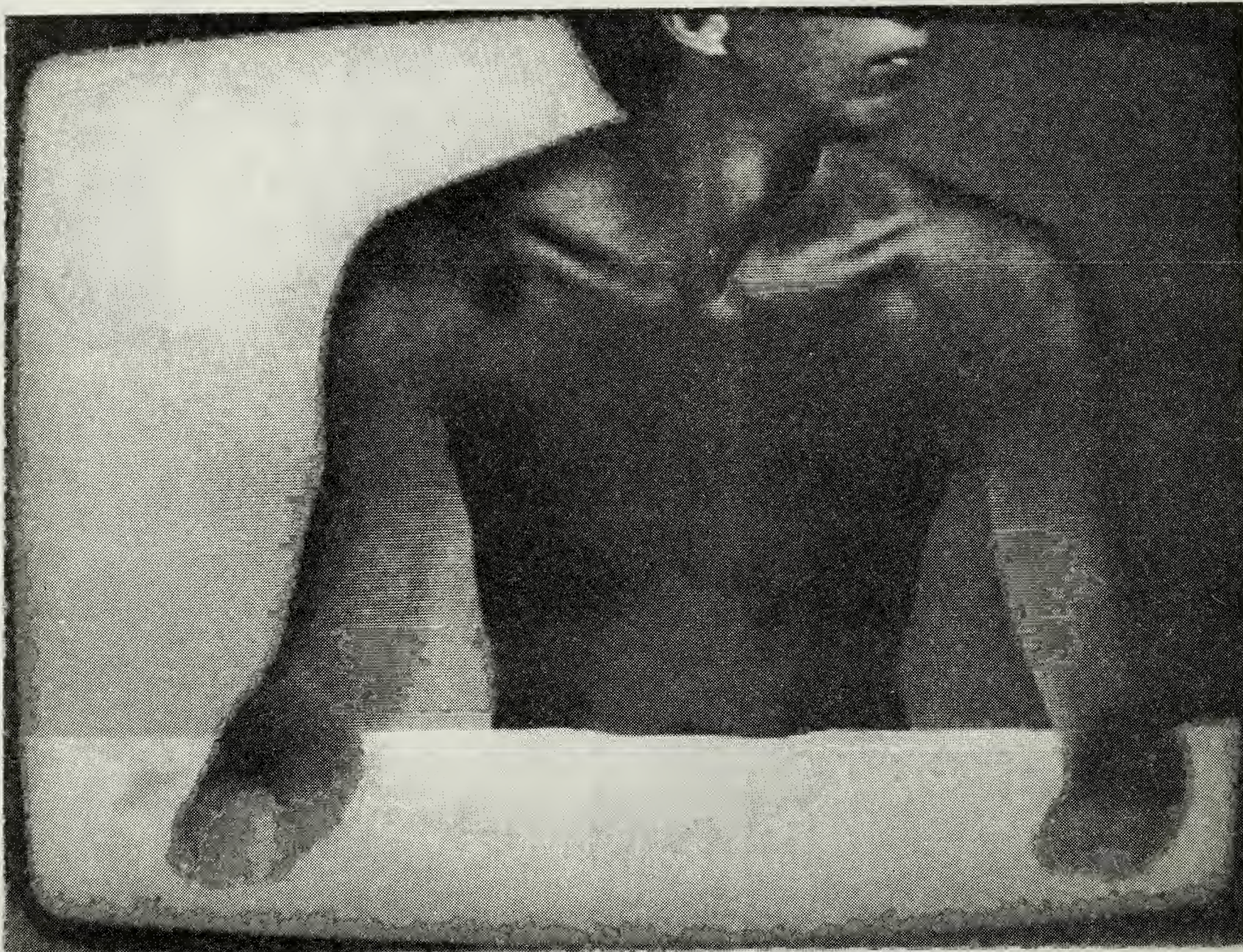
A few notes on the television race between Germany and Great Britain in the 1930s.





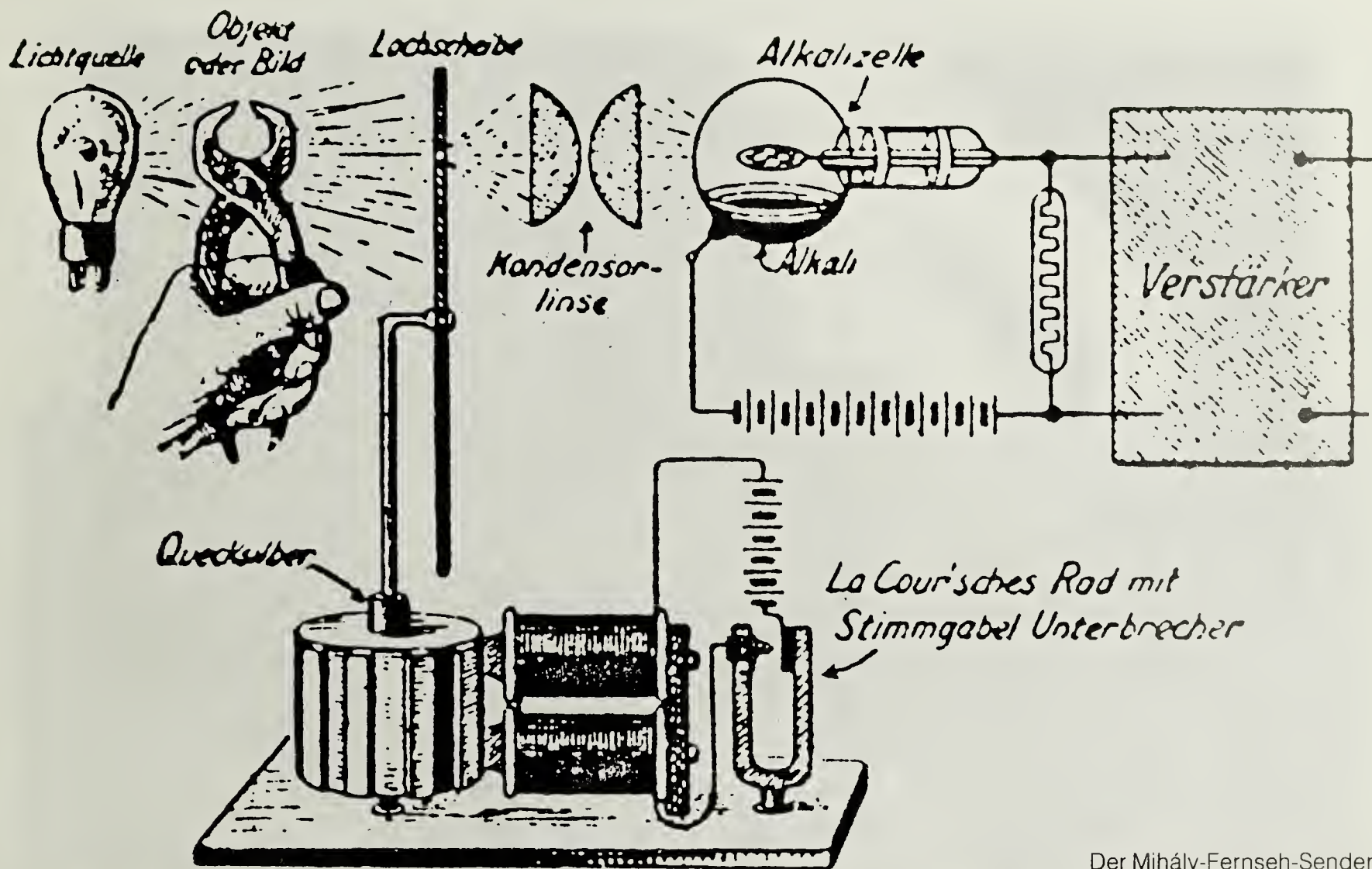


# WERNER ZEIN

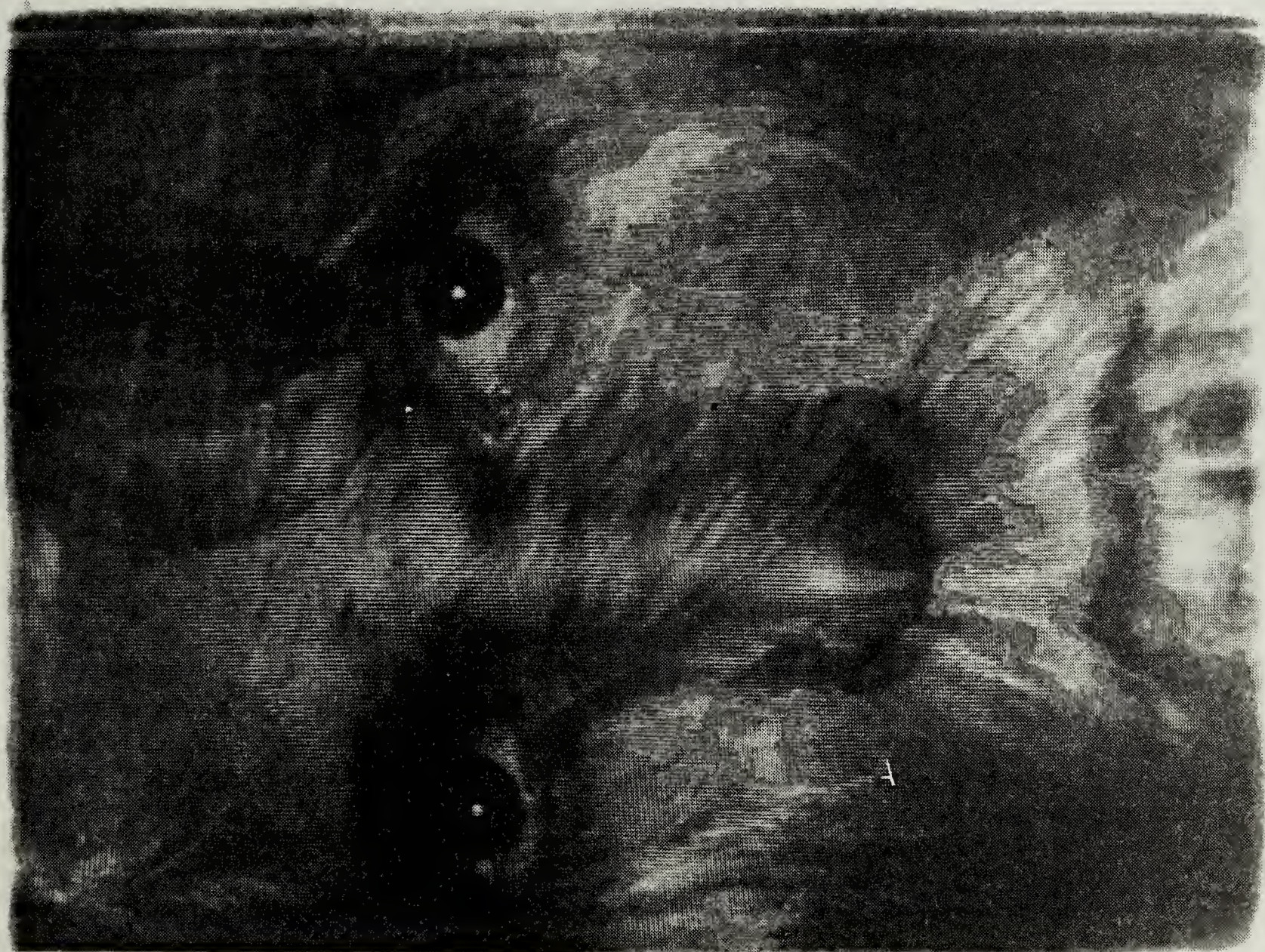


Video installation "Delegation," 1986

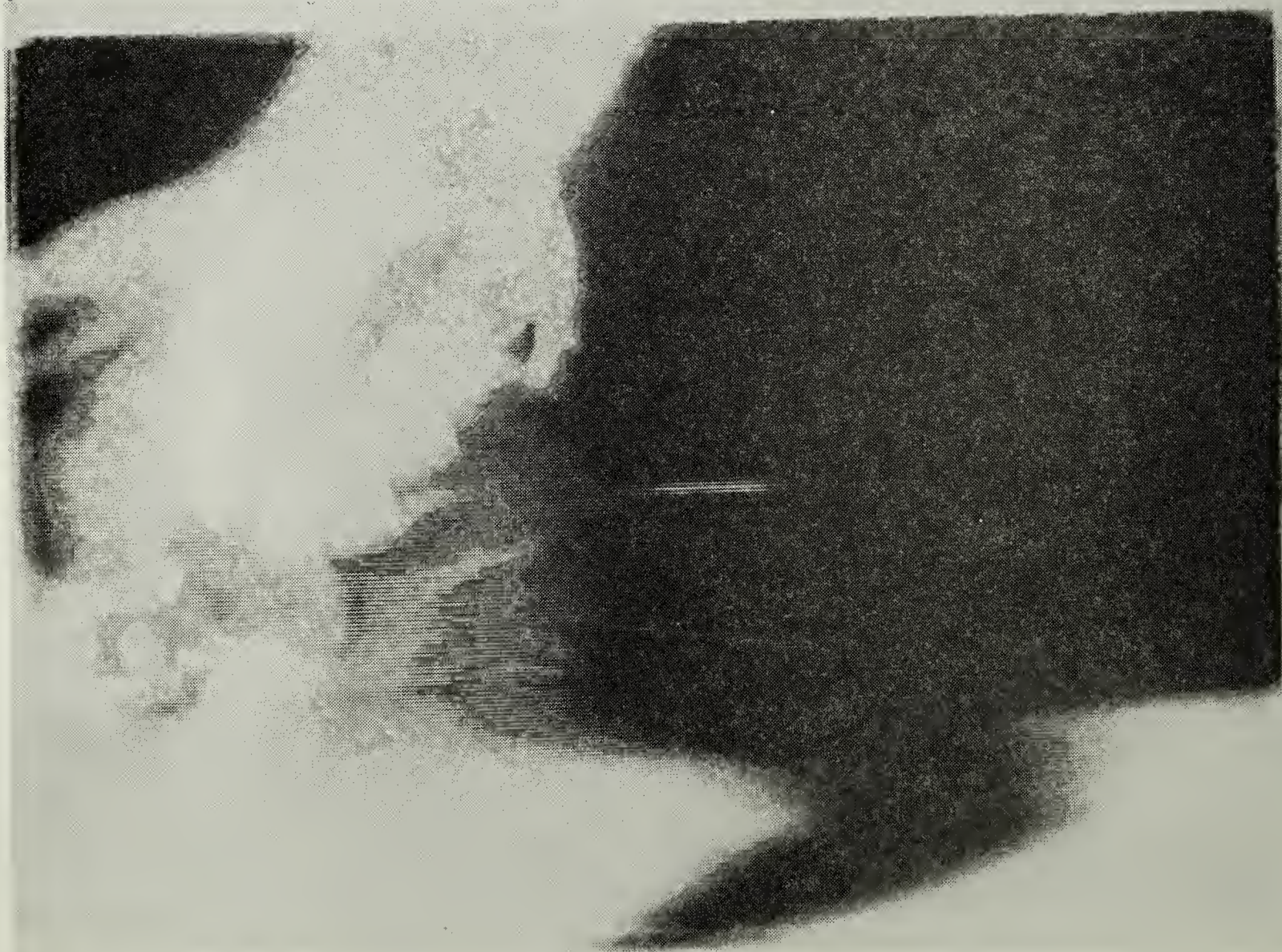
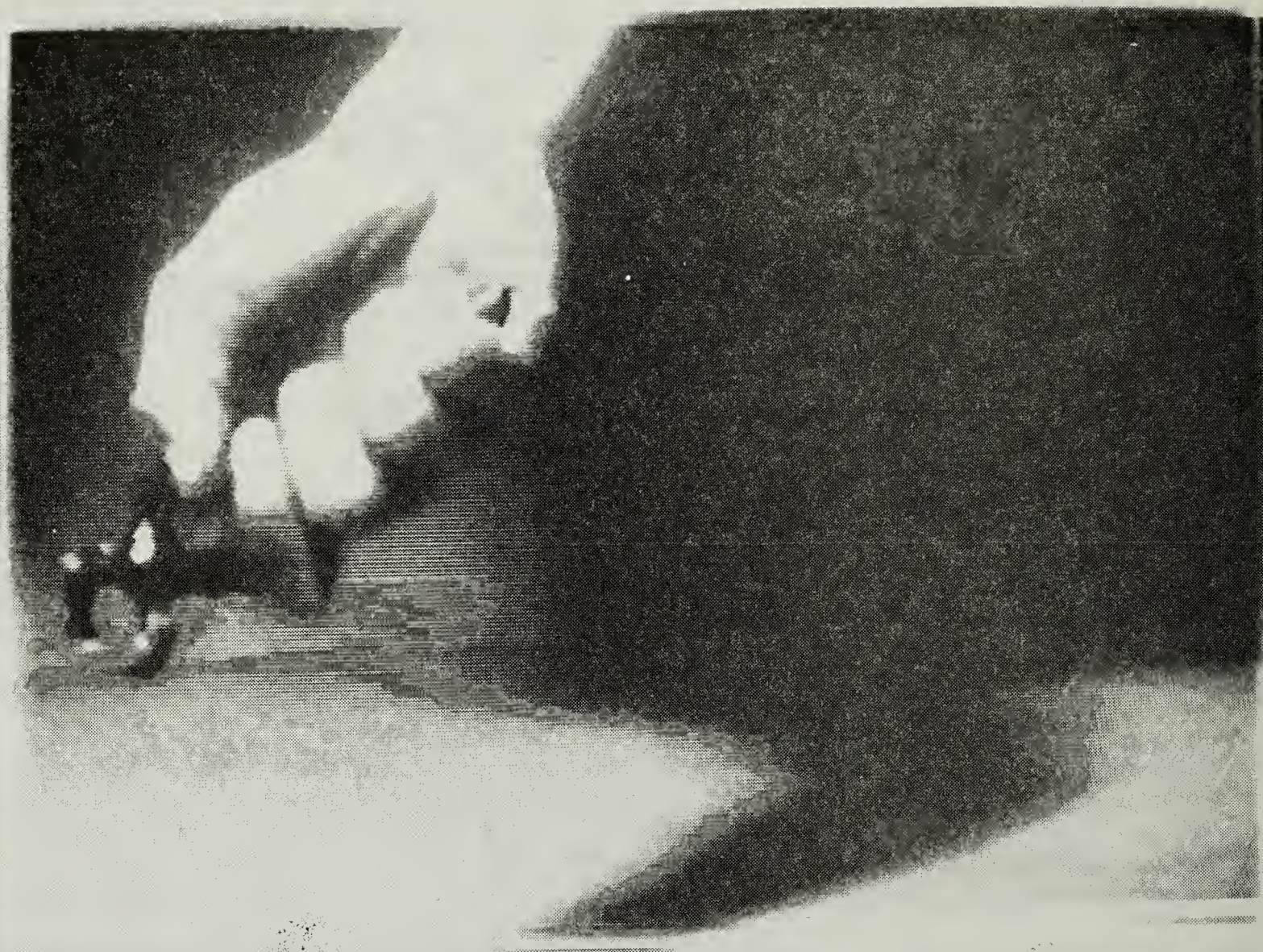




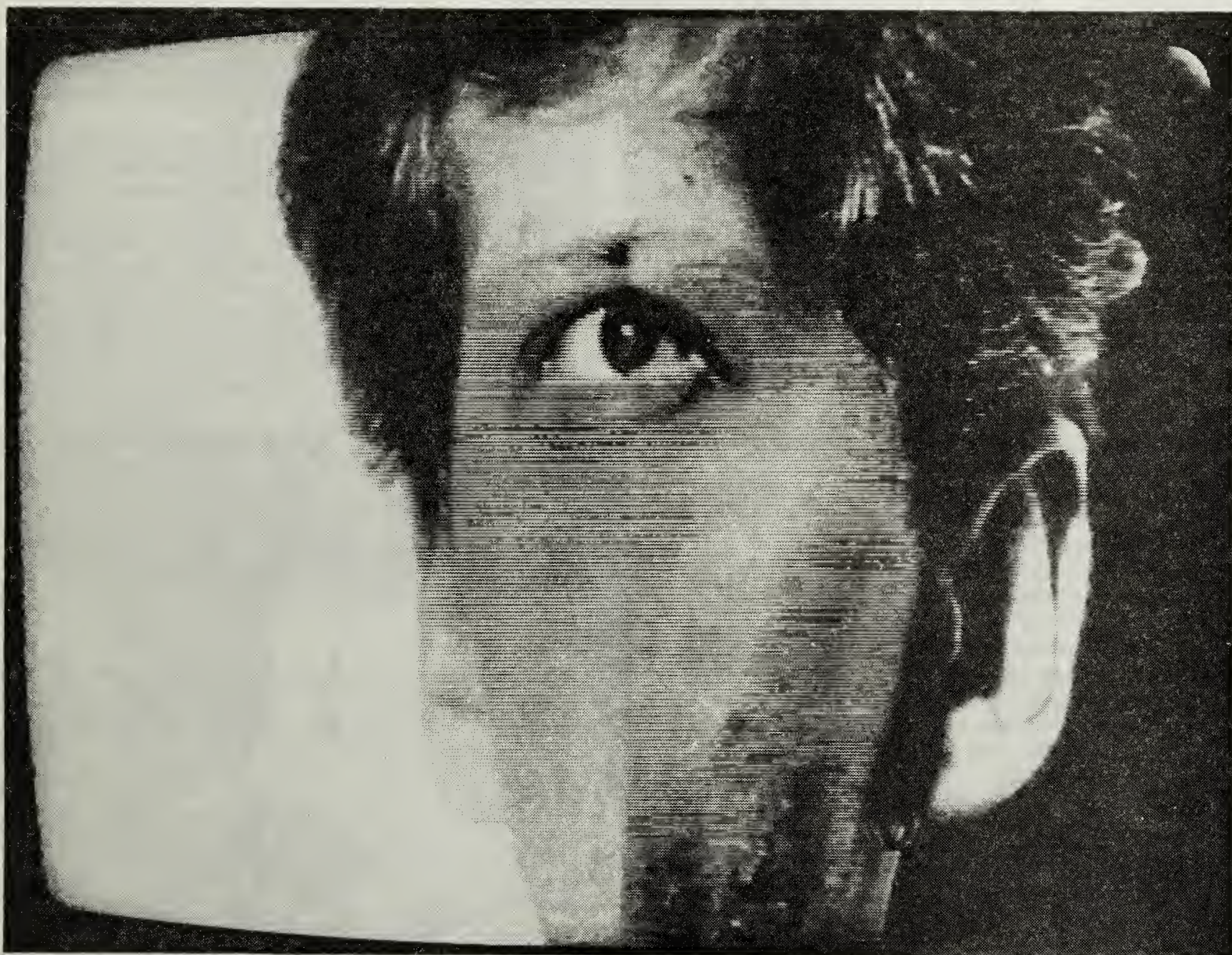
Der Mihály-Fernseh-Sender











From the videotape "Zyclopie," 1986



# ALAN MOORE

## "IN AN OLD FERNSEH LABORATORY"

Three guys come to Berlin.

Object: Television research.

"We will discover a new natural technology"—immanent in natural phenomena : : : a subset of nature : : : something we *already know*.

They meet by accident and find they share the same quest.

By banding together they figure, they will have a better chance of getting the money to continue their researches.

They set up a laboratory in an abandoned beer cellar.

It is cold in the winter; they have a hard time getting started.

One of them hangs around Nipkow's laboratory. One day the master inventor makes him a gift of an old research disc and driveshaft. With this first major piece of gear, the associates rejoice and begin their first serious experiments.

The first squabbles arise when one of them purchase two Braun vacuum tubes, because he is convinced the laboratory needs electronic equipment to follow the most exciting trend in television research. The others are satisfied with a steady living developing applications for Nipkow's labs, sticking exclusively to the mechanical television and acting as sub-contractors.

A visit by a moneybags results in a grant for pure television research. The Braun tube guy is vindicated, differences are forgotten. The television researchers all go out to celebrate, but while they are gone their laboratory burns to the ground.

"These object-pictures are immanent in space, trapped in the waves we strain to decipher. Others try to send their own object-pictures; I try to perceive those that are already there.

"Every night I lie awake feeling these transmissions course through my body, trying to tune my awareness to their frequencies, not even hoping to decipher them, only to *hear* them, *feel* them, to sense the raw frequencies of these invisible insensible organic transmissions. What is the spider saying to the fly? These arachnids are surely the radio masters of the insect world, pushing out signals loud and clear to be received and misinterpreted by the fly drowned in the massive steady frequency of its sturdy wings.

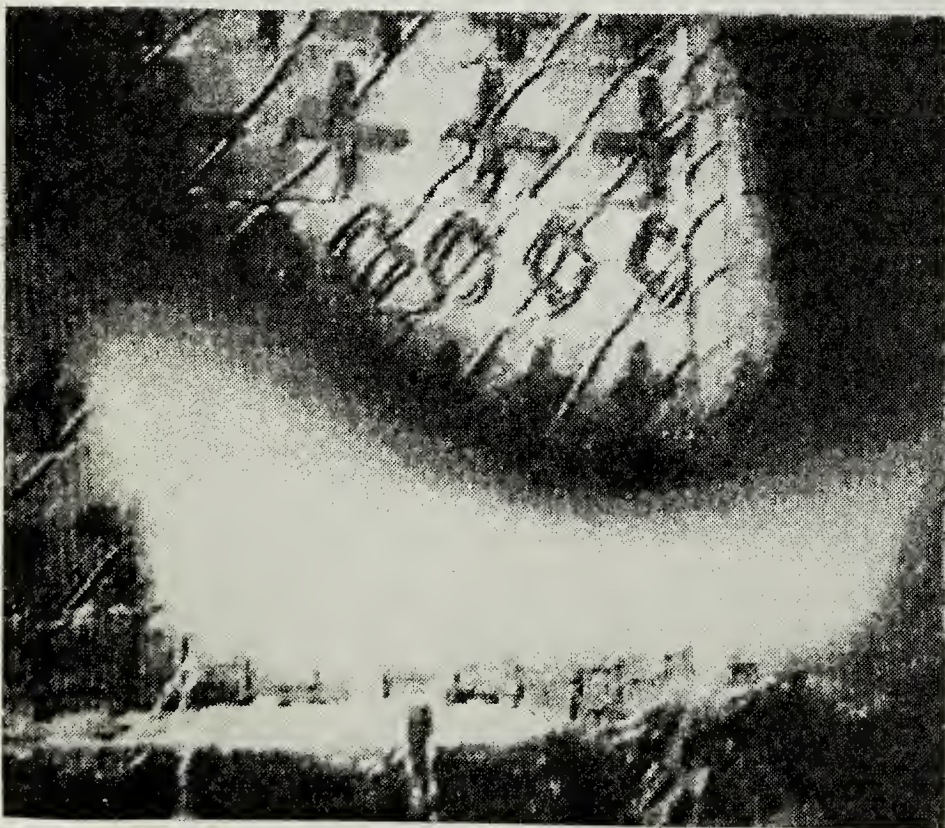
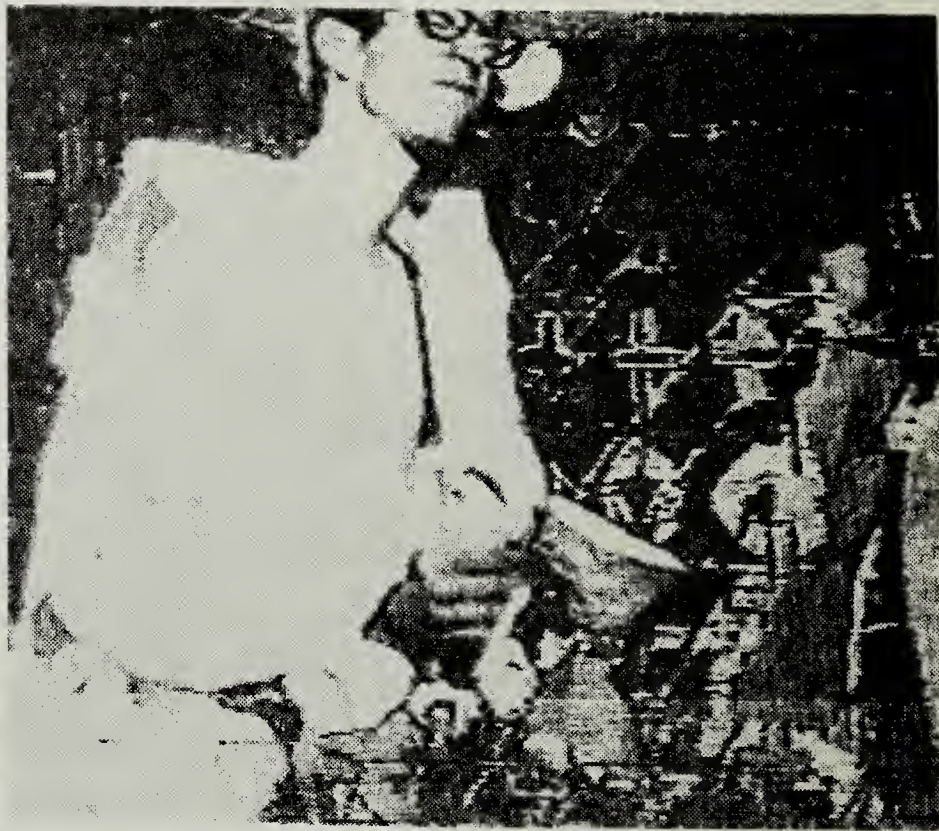
"Every web, every vein on a leaf, every system of roots organizes waves of every sort, receives them, sends them, transforms them into usable energy or intelligible signals. It seems now that symmetry itself—the very organization of biological material, growth and

propagation—is a system of sending and receiving. Every organism and every part of every organism is a transmitter and an antenna."

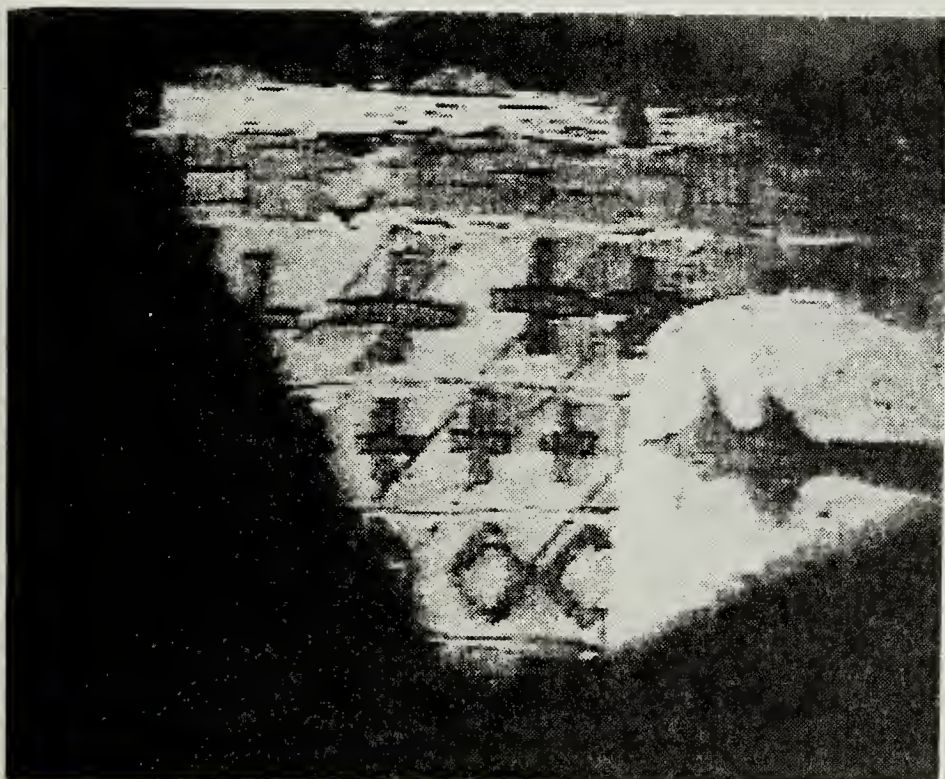
So there is a fire in the lab . . . one cannot be sure, but I suspect that agents of the ferociously jealous Nipkow set the blaze.

All our workers did not come to the laboratory today because they were socialists, and the people organized them against us. No, it was because they were Spartacists, and this morning they were all shot.

Now, with only bare days before the opening of the Great Radio Show, it is certain that our television will not be finished. Once again, that fiend Nipkow has triumphed. He will be called 'the Father of Television,' he will have a street named after him, while we—well, I will go back to making crooked roulette wheels for the Grünewald Casino, Herr Professor Doctor Blair will retire to his apiary in the English countryside, and Herr Professor Doctor Zein will likely go back to the Kino Studio in München.







*New York, July 29, 1986*

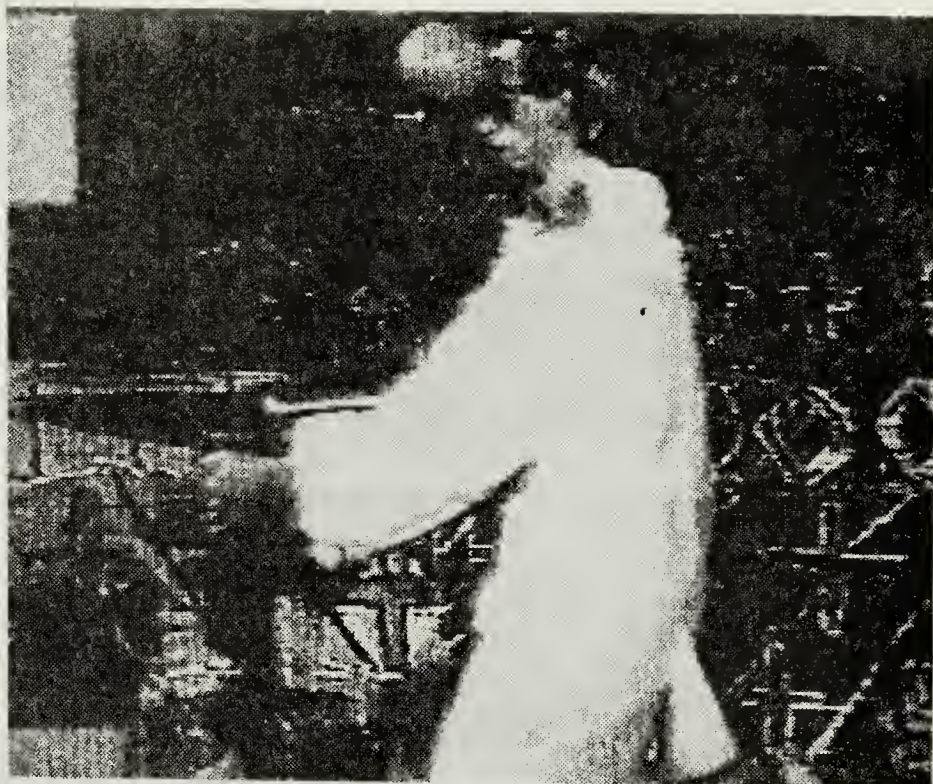
"This laboratory as it used to be in New York, as it was in Berlin."

The pulsating NTSC signal rescanned in PAL . . . the dark beating light of cultural difference, the gap.

People are being translated, transmitted, right out the window of the NGBK gallery through giant Nipkow discs into the courtyard where there is a giant map of Berlin . . . The turning spiral was a symbol of madness in the '20s. It is an investigation of the waveforms which is not about transmitting images of objects but objects themselves in different states—not just the image, but the function of the image—no, object—is changed: Suddenly the shirt appears on the person instead of being in the other's hands . . . the newspaper received has a different text from the one transmitted . . .

From standing in the window poised to jump into the giant map of Berlin, you become a part of this image, part of its form, as if to interpret one's existence in this place at this time is somehow to change its function. To broadcast, to be bathed in the wave, become a beacon, broadcasting into millions of homes, the people whose lives you touch—alone on the street in the cold with no home and no money . . .

The Americans were talking about money: "Sounds like pretty good money doing that."



Then there was a part of the structure that was not ruined, and looking in I saw another ceremony. They were all orientals or middle-easterners and their ceremony was very different.

I was looking for the kitchen, I don't know why, to steal something, trying to get in. They were all Turks in there. They knew what we were up to . . .

*September 10*

Here I am again in the air headed back watching the roofs of Belgium. "I have no passion for research and really I'm tired of cities. I want to sit on a beach in Italy, stare at the waves and do nothing at all."

As a dry guy I see me now, all bone dry, bloodless, arid, desiring nothing—ah, if only like Franz Biberkopf I wanted to die! It should be going, and finding away there some part of me that is quiet, not heard in the city where it's loud and wants only the me that produces what it knows well as service to agencies I don't know or care about; only away can it be some me that is sure, full, aware of the last course, the long pull of what is in me, up to the air, real, oxidizing out in the open patina I cannot now know. I see him clean, always newly dedicated to time taken in all things, to savor small realities, to feel differences . . . All the plans as I could will, and did not, to miss the things that need doing only I can do, and put them first—"Your story I remember, all about that time when, and who was, then some purposes we do not now recall, or only their emblems to come, what really got us going was what happened, the design of fortune, past knowing, or any story, as of some old people I heard and repeat, makes it now like a sketch after a scene, a pose, a rapture, only physical pose hints at an image, this face we saw transfigured in a strange town, cold mountains far away, a broken mirror, a morning's bad dreams, all people who are not with me haunting my sleep, solemn ashes, faces, figures, the mountains do not care—they weigh their fortune in ice, rock, and palaver with roots and winds . . .

"Now I'll make some." Talk of the dollar to be made seemed the thing to start with and the way to end.

Some of the others tried to talk about art, about happiness, things that were not very much about money, and the Americans indulged them with friendly smiles then changed the subject.

"But isn't it what we want—to be able to make our work without undue discomfort or pain in our lives because of it, and beyond that, simply to be happy insofar as we are able?" Well, that was a conversation stopper. No one really seemed able to understand, and at last one of the Americans ordered another round of drinks, and another cried aloud, "It's on me!"

*Berlin, August 9*

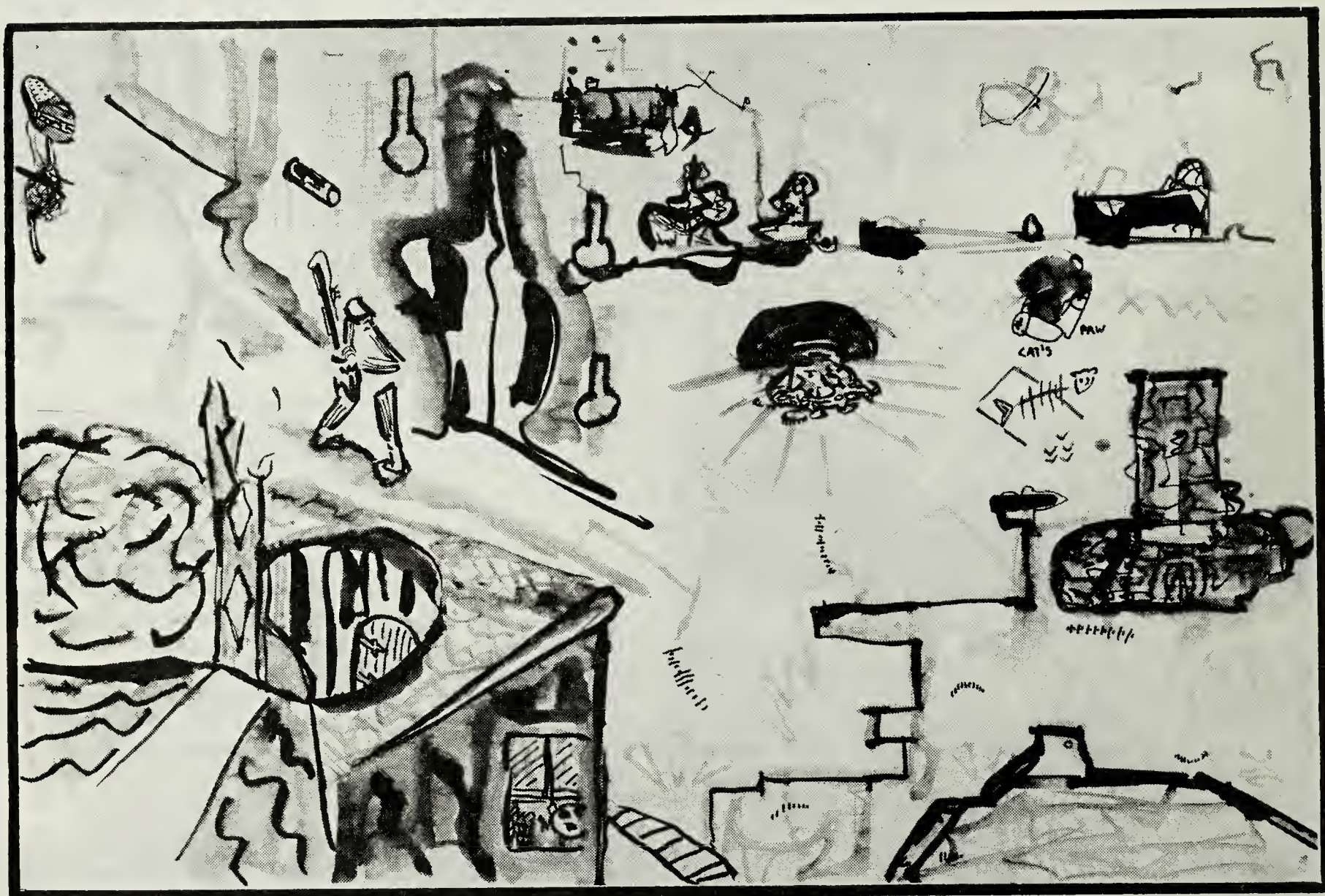
My laundry turned blue—all clean, air-dried, and stiff with too much soap, but blue, unaccountably blue.

*A dream:*

The wedding was on a hill, sloping up steadily. It seemed unorganized, and only the mood of the people and how they were dressed made me realize it was a wedding.

At the top of the hill was a round, flat place, then around it a lagoon. It was then, standing there, I realized it was a ruined cathedral with radiating chapels. I could descry their shapes in colored stones set in the ground.





## ABOUT THIS DRAWING

Down the alley and around the bend.

There is a little entrance to a sad cafe. Inside a lot of people are not saying much, just sitting there with their drinks, some are weeping quietly. It's smoky in there but no one seems to be smoking. Something could be burning, but no one's paying attention. They are too wrapped up in themselves.

There's a guy in bed there. He is dreaming, I think. It could be he's just awakened, and is kind of just sitting there before getting up, and things are flying around in the air above him.

Then down there is a kind of bomb shelter, an underground type. But it hasn't been im-

planted, and it's covered with vines. Maybe there was a couple of kids in there fucking a while back.

There's the skyline outside the studio window in Berlin. A few of the buildings I saw, their shapes.

Here's a couple of guys outside a window, some kind of cracked wall in Tunisia or somewhere. They're snake-charmers, maybe, real stereotypical types. There's a jar, and the window—but maybe it's really a painting. There's a cup on top of it, above it some bullet holes.

There's a roof garden underneath the baseball player, the batter in action, who is standing

out front of the cafe. The batter could be a statue, actually, since it seems unlikely there'd be a batter out front of the cafe, in the alley. There's a camera looking his way, or cycling back to look his way.

There's a hole in the roof and you can see down into another level where the back door of the TV laboratory can be seen. It's the same building where the Atelier Bomba Colori is, because you can see inside their window, onto the breakfast table.

*The air is full of radio and TV waves, uninterpreted transmissions.*



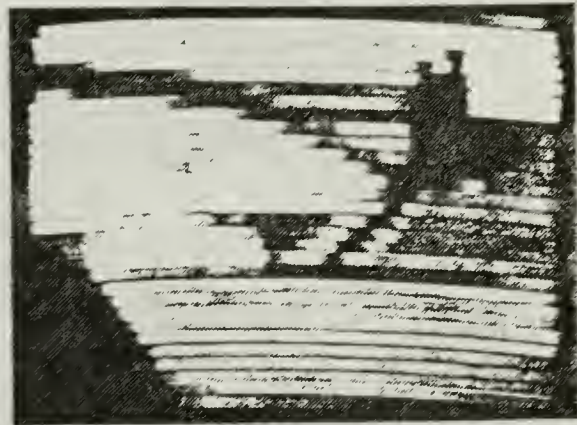
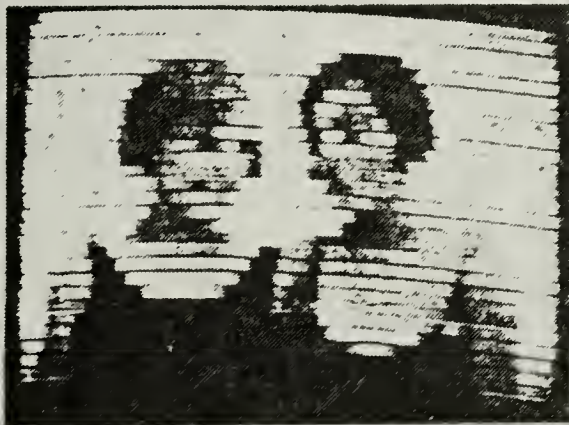


Abb. 361. Fernsehrasterbild,  $q = 1200$ .

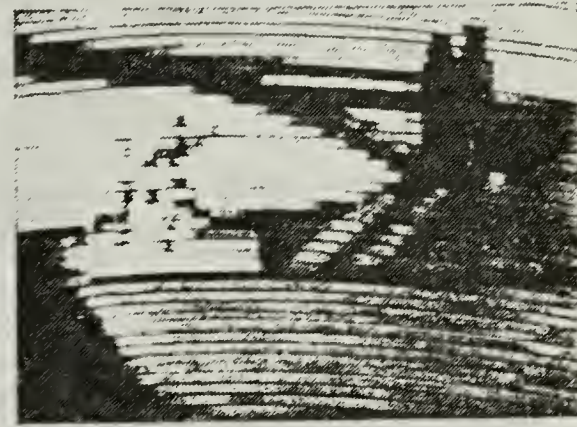
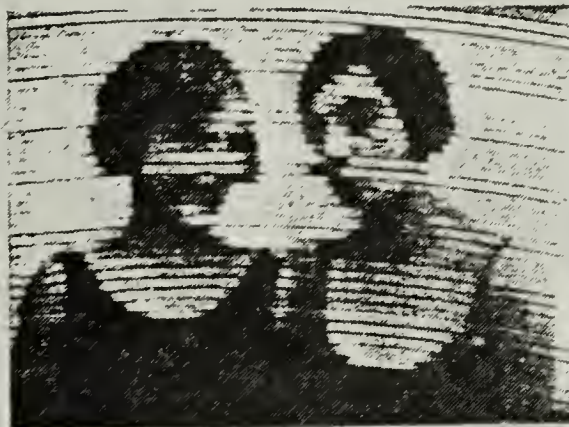


Abb. 362. Fernsehrasterbild,  $q = 2500$ .

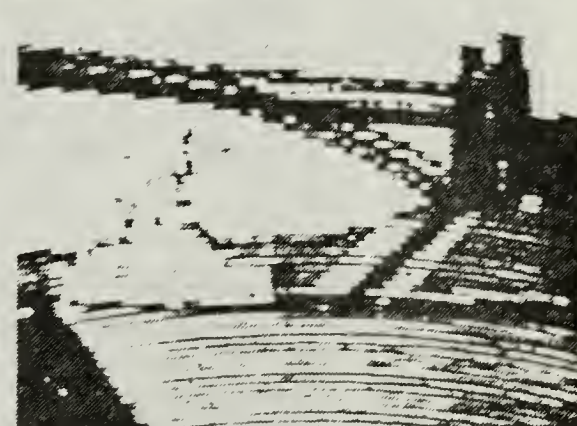


Abb. 363. Fernsehrasterbild,  $q = 5000$ .

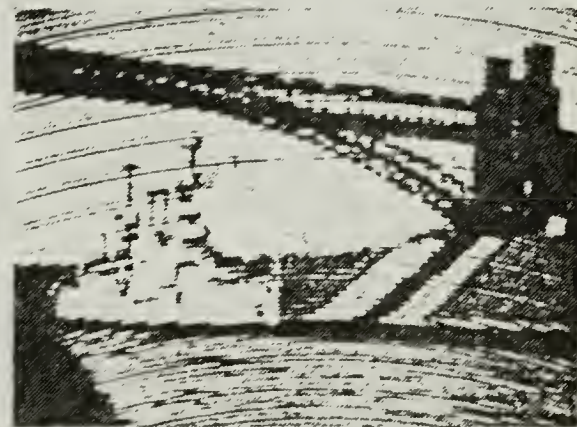


Abb. 364. Fernsehrasterbild,  $q = 10000$ .

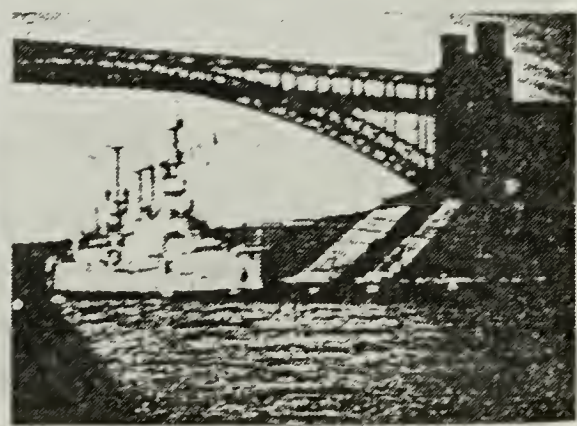


Abb. 365. Fernsehrasterbild,  $q = 20000$ .

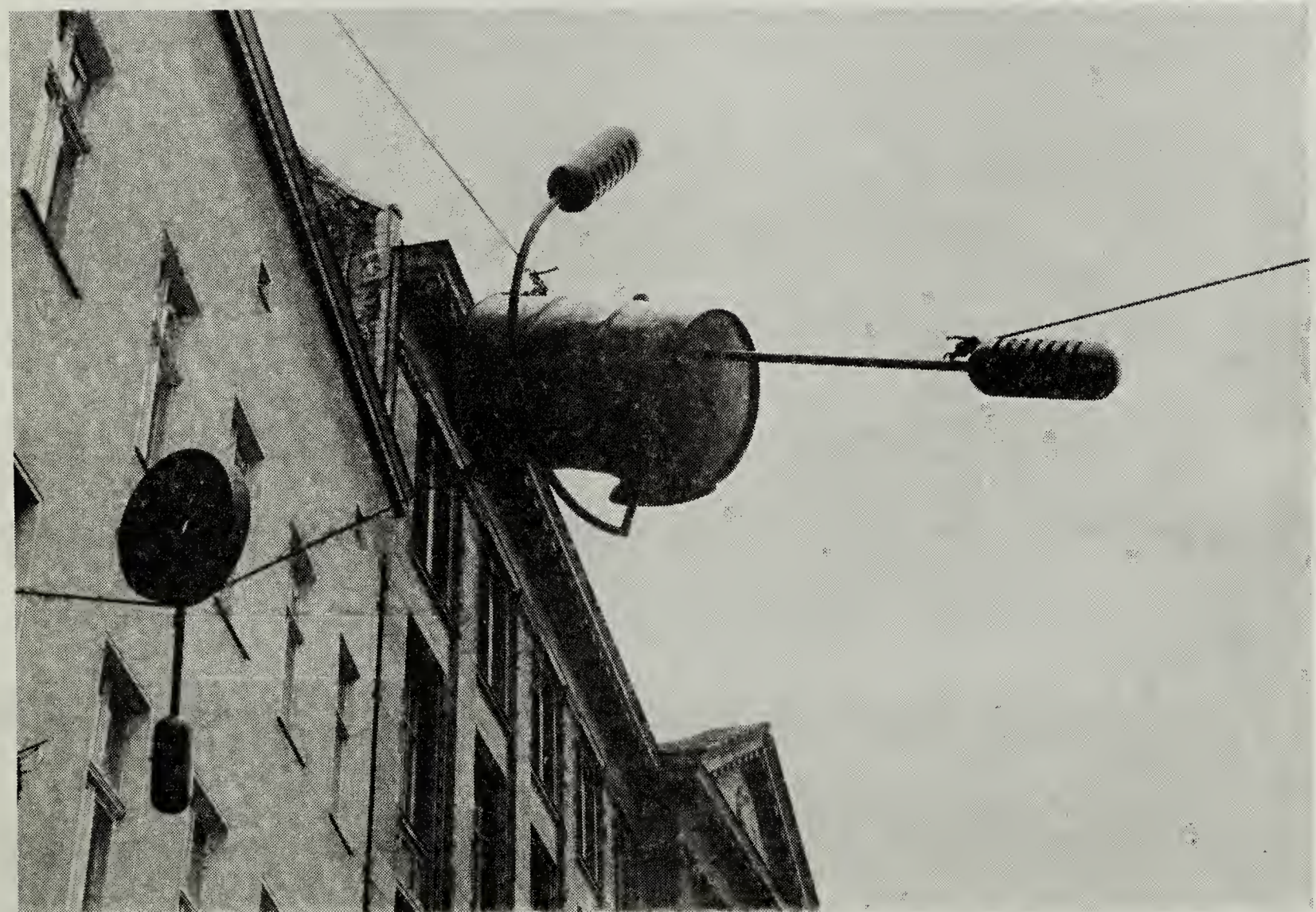
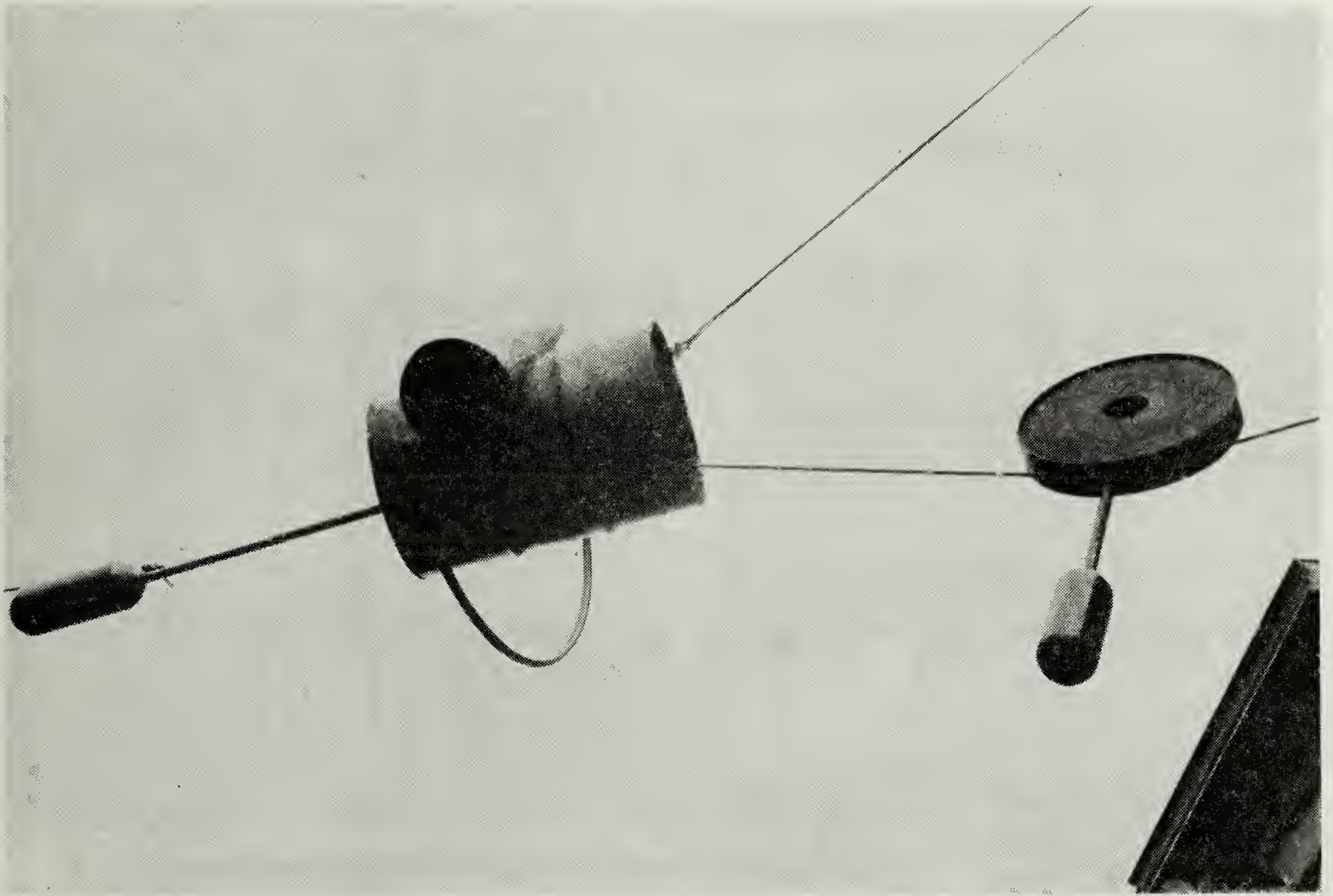


ANN MESSNER

High Dive

UGBK 1986





Ann Messner: *High Dive*, NGBK, 1986.



WOLFE COMPANY, INC.

Manufacturers of Store Fixtures

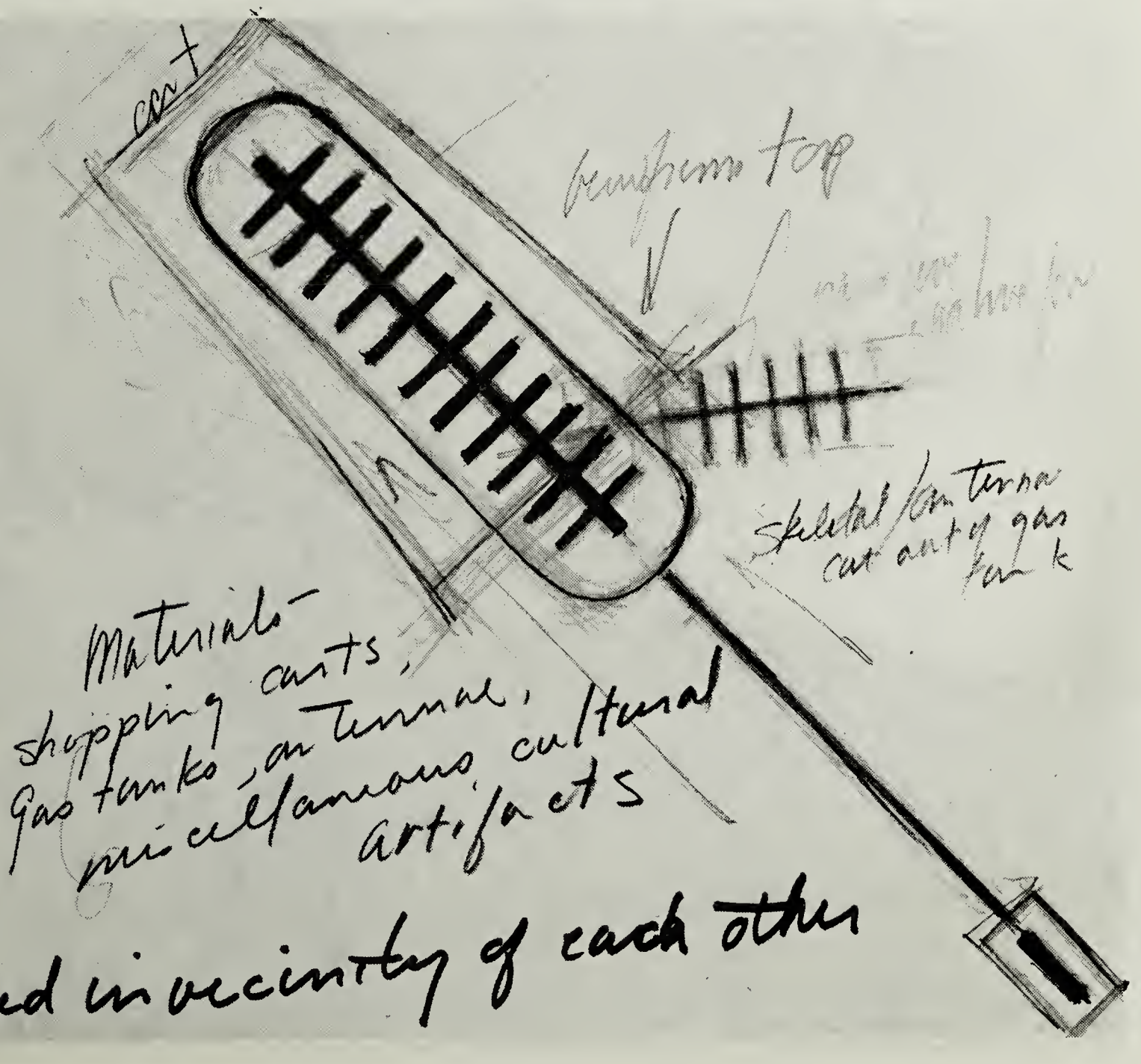
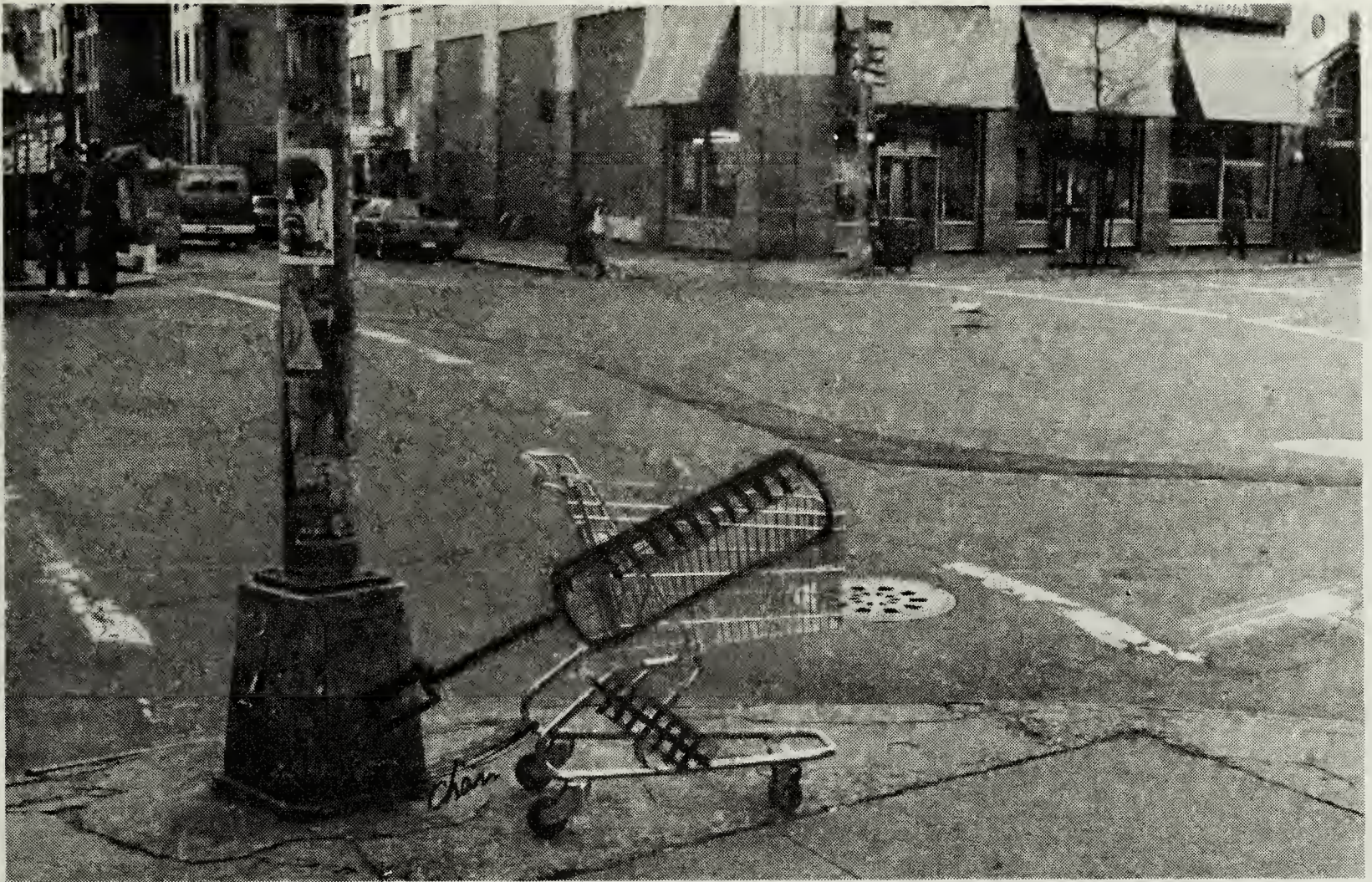
75 Years of Quiet Quality

Proposal for sculpture  
for storefront / May 1987



generically similar  
shopping carts attached to  
lampposts  
containers/transporters  
C. M. Moore



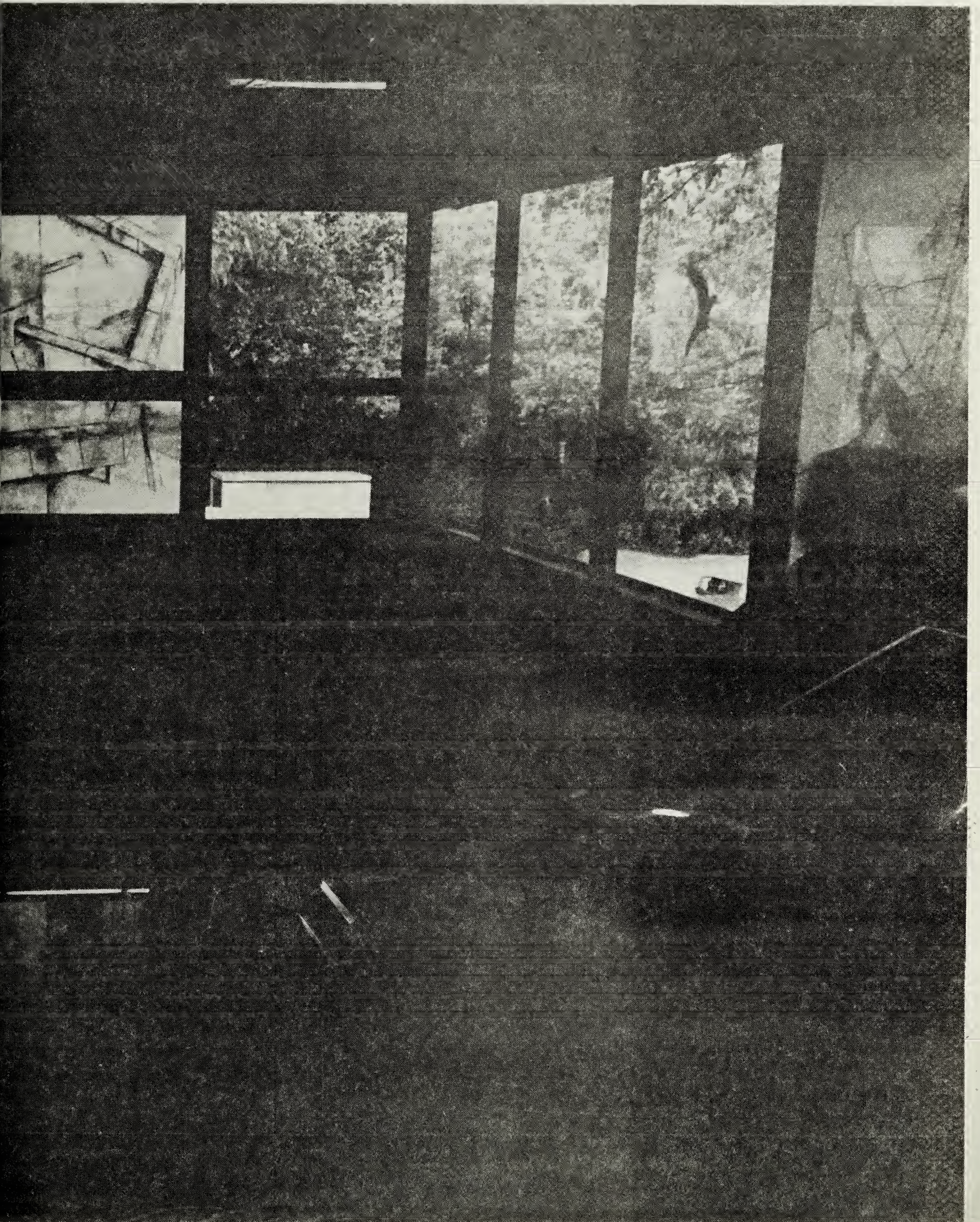




# BÄRBEL ROTHHAAR











"In Transit," installation at subway stop Möckernbrücke, above the escalators. The windows were covered with charcoal drawings on mylar.

Sizes:

220 x 160 cm (87x63")  
 220 x 460 cm (87x180")  
 220 x 160 cm (87x63")

**Berlin**

**New York**

**2**

Installation at Storefront for Art & Architecture. A small window is covered with a transparent drawing which contributes to the collaboration of Penelope Wehrli and Bruna Esposito.

**1**

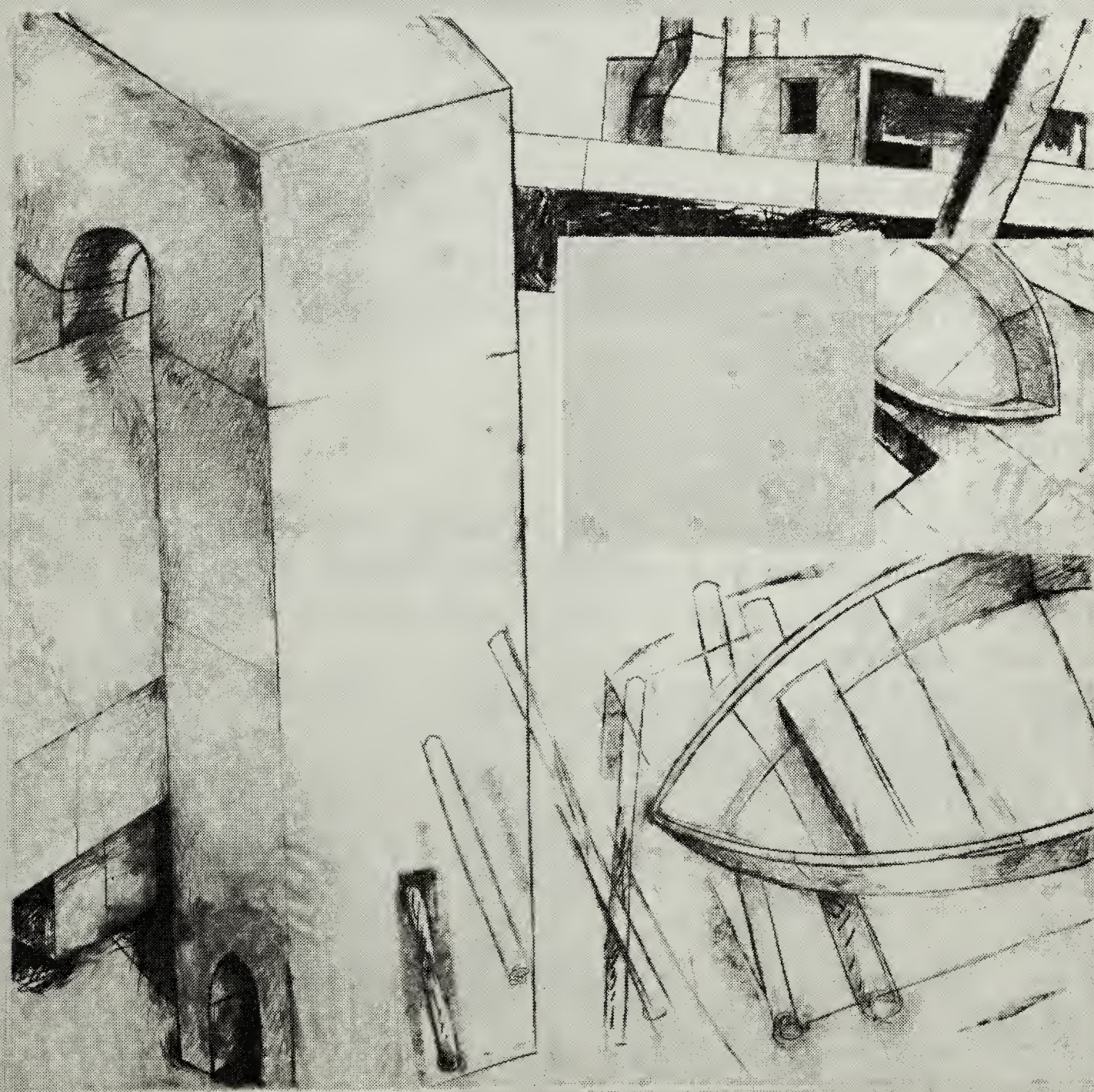
Site of outside installation; storefront windows of 401 Broome Street, corner of Centre Street.





3

"Inside the Token Ring," blueprint of charcoal on vellum, 48 x 48" (120x120 cm)





# ARNOLD DREYBLATT/PENELOPE WEHRLI

## VEREISUNG

Licht- and Ton-Spiele (Light and Sound Plays)  
Berlin, Saturday, September 6, 1986,  
9PM-0AM

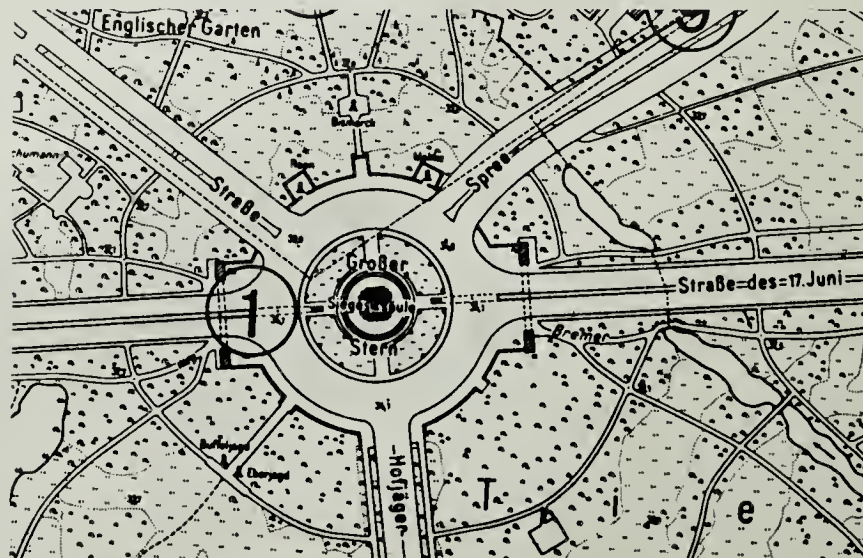


A film and sound installation in the tunnel that lies on the west side of the plaza in which the Victory Column stands. The audience had access to the place through the tunnel on the east side. Only 15 people were admitted to view the installation at a time. The gate was locked behind them.

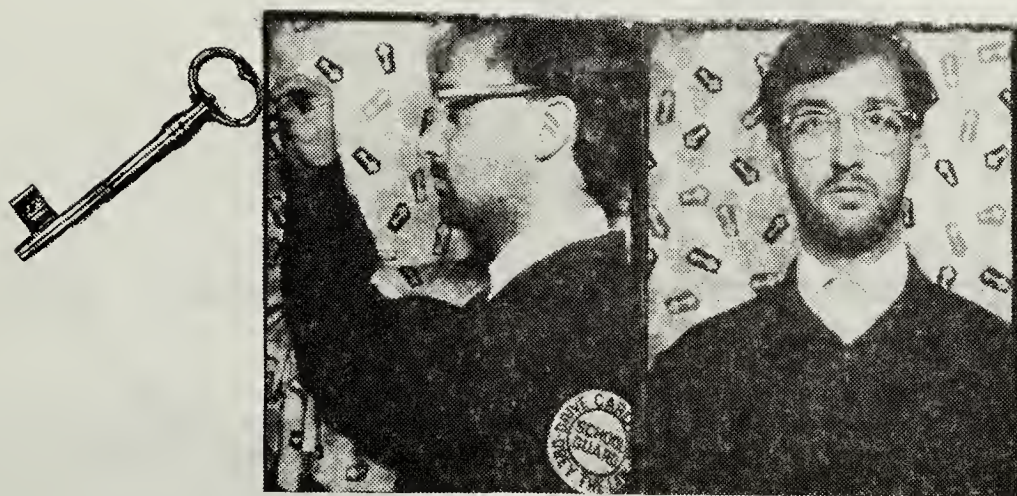
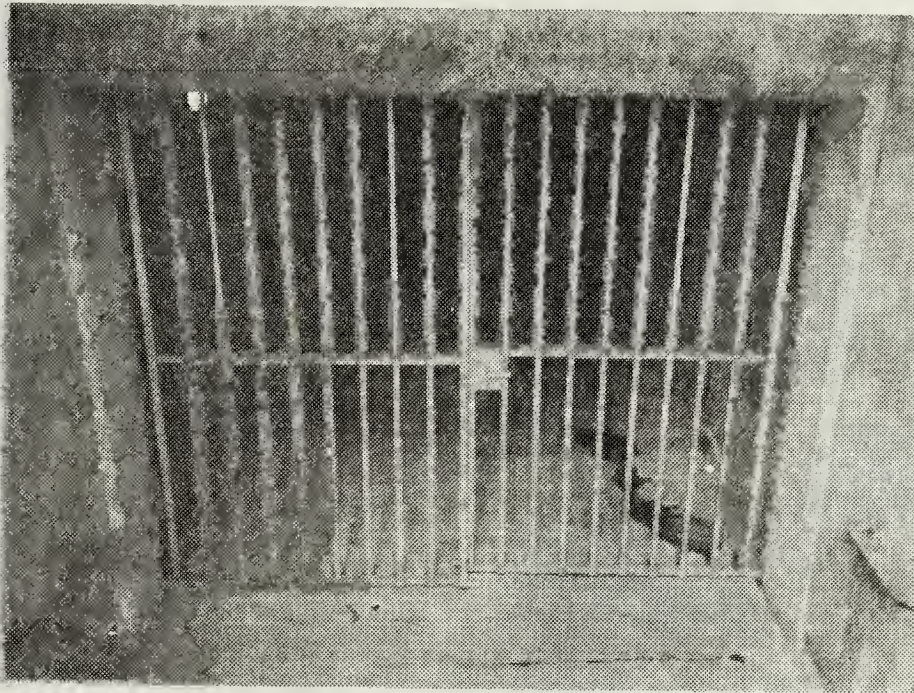
David Blair was our guard. The cycle was repeated every 15 minutes.

The string instrument which was part of our installation inside the gallery NGBK was recorded with the faintly heard sound of a barrel organ.

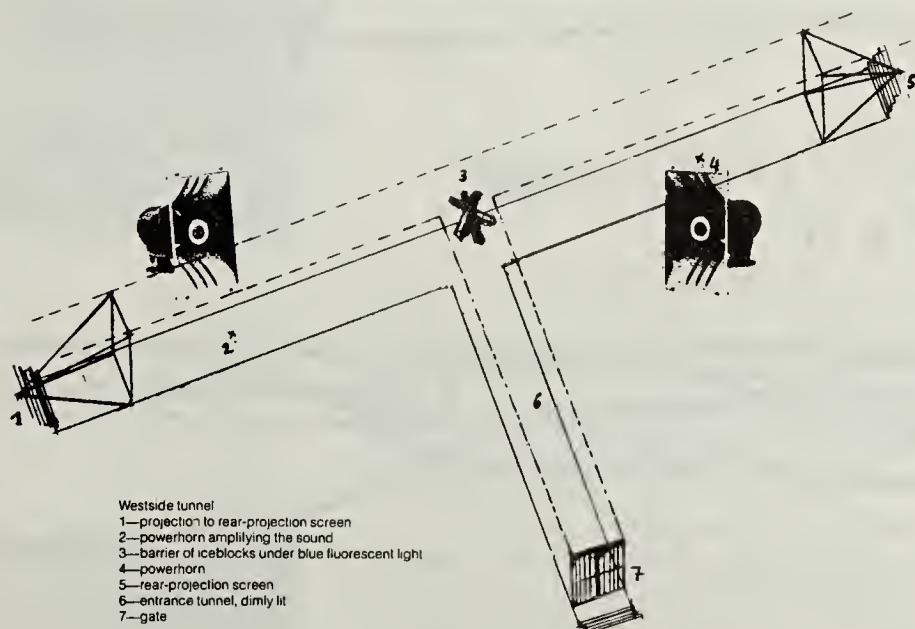
Two films were projected simultaneously, one at a very fast pace and one in slow motion.







the guard



The tunnels were built in 1938 during the Third Reich when the Victory Column was moved to Grosser Stern from another location.



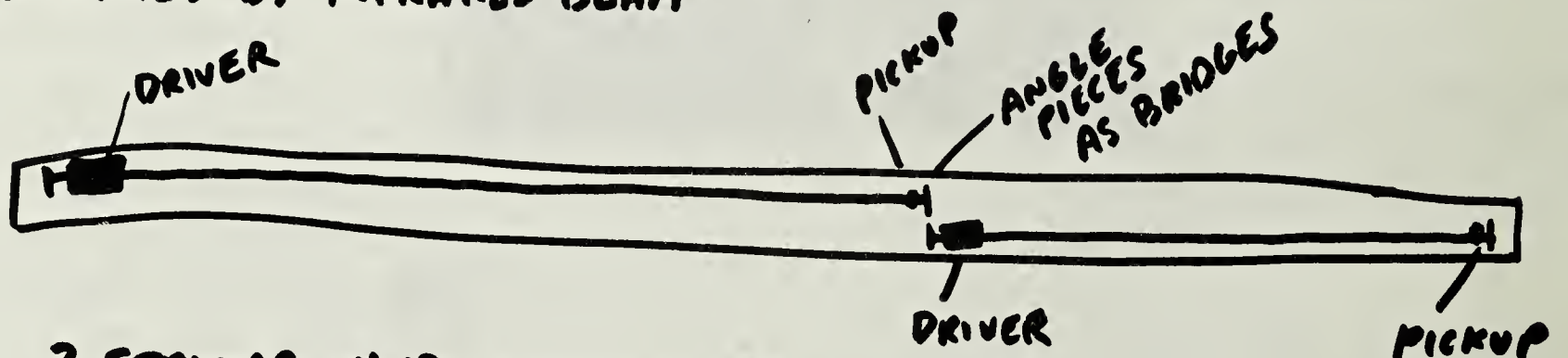
"I was relieved when I finally sat in the fresh night air at the wheel of my car. . . . With Kempka I had fast agreed to take turns in driving. It was in the meantime about 1:30 AM, and if we wanted to make the 500 km of highway to the headquarters of commander-in-chief West by Nauheim before daybreak and the tuning up of the low-level flyers, speed was necessary.

"The radio tuned to the station for our night fighters, the square grid on my knees, 'Night fighters in the square. . . . Night fighters in the square. . . .'" We followed the exact position of the enemy approach. When a unit was coming nearer, we had to dip the headlights and move slowly on the border of the street. But as soon as the square was free of the enemy, the large Zeiss headlights, the two foglights, as well as the searchlight was turned on, and we were dashing over the highway with howling compressor. . . ."

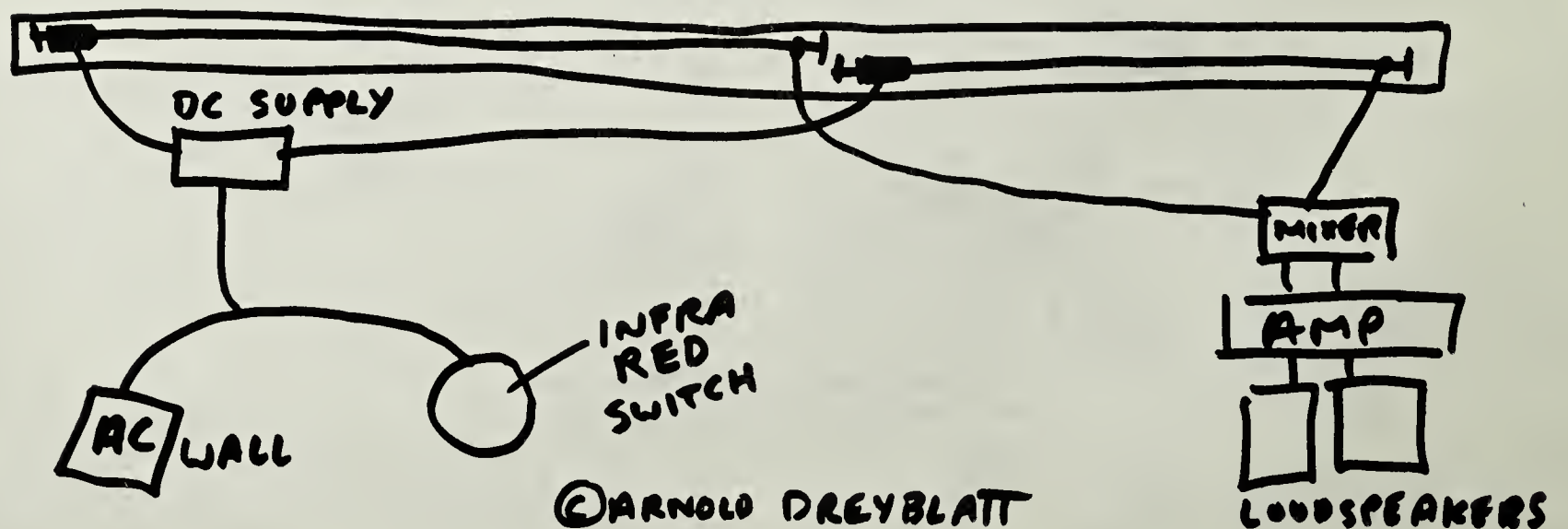
—from the memoirs of the building inspector of the Third Reich, Albert Speer



## LONG STRING INSTRUMENT WITH MAGNETIC STRING DRIVERS ACTIVATED BY INFRARED BEAM

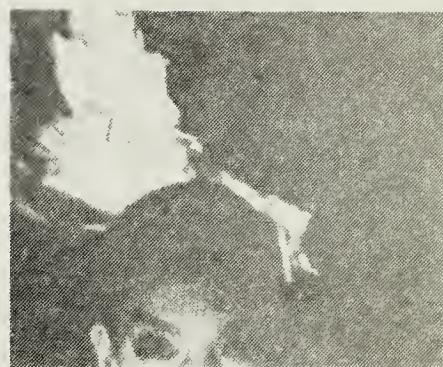
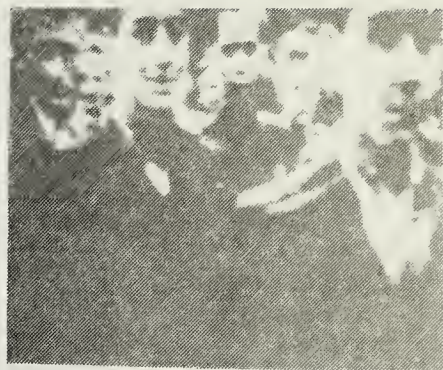
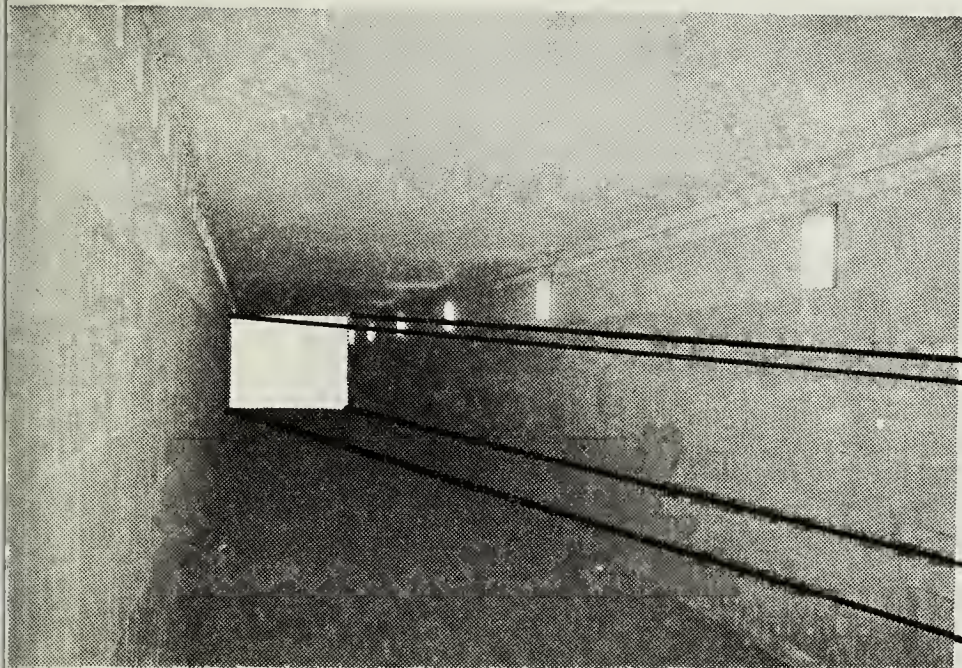


2 STRINGS - #12 STEEL WIRE  
TUNED TO D & A



©ARNOLD DREYBLATT





"The land was low and marshy and the malaria fever never left me while there, despite the enormous amounts of Chinin I consumed.

"Occasionally the river would rise and drive an army of rats into the buildings devouring everything, even the bundles of fierce paprika. This pest would give me a welcomed diversion. I thinned their ranks by all sorts of means which won me the unenviable distinction of rat-catcher in the community.

"At last, however, my course was completed, the misery ended and I obtained the certificate of maturity which brought me to the crossroad."

—from Nicola Tesla, *My Inventions*





motion-pictures:

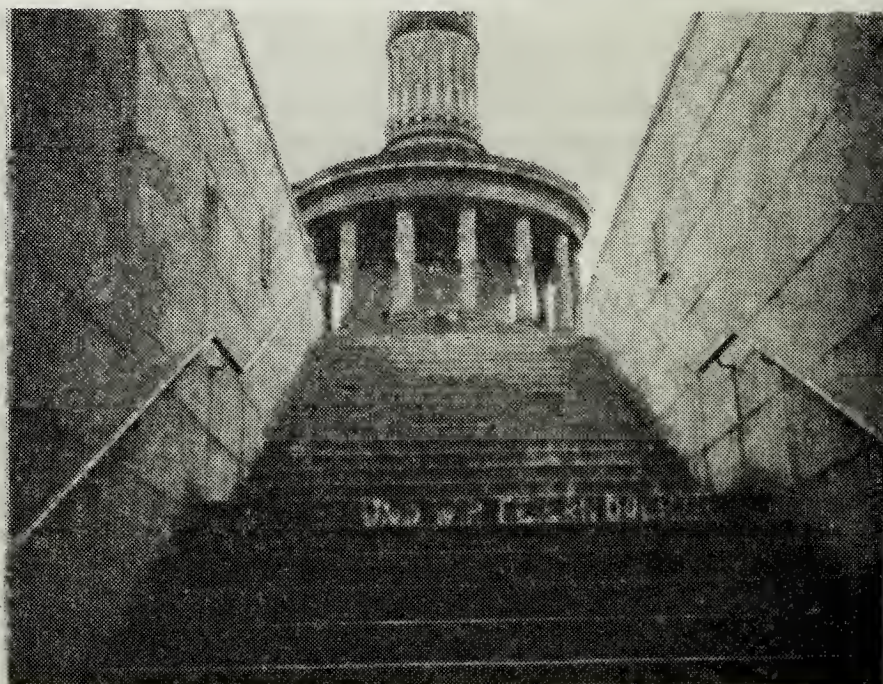
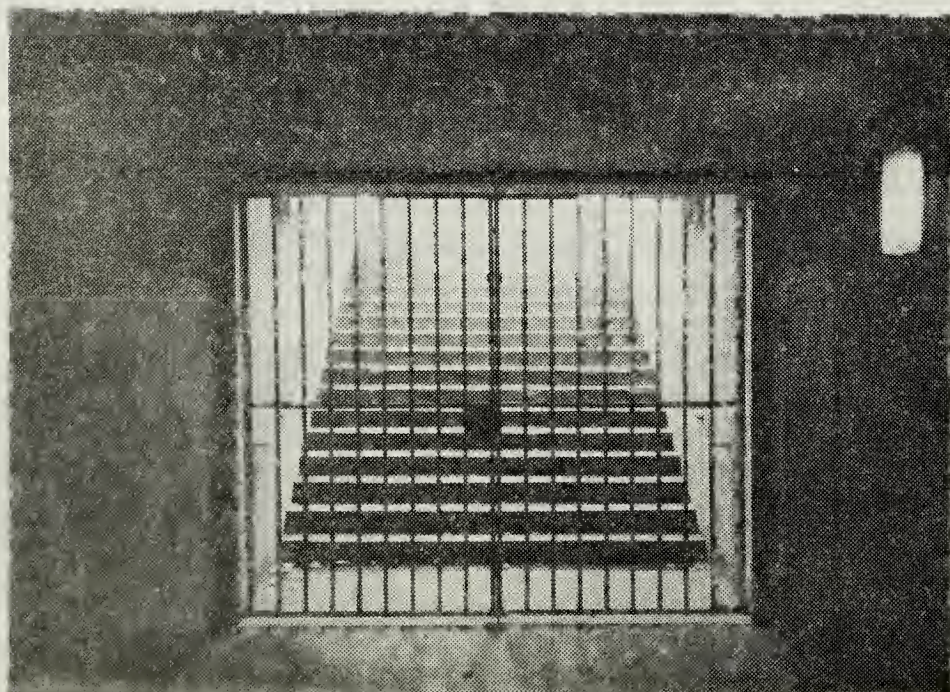
Traces of thoughts, like the shadows of people  
who have passed through the tunnel.

A ghost-dance.

Passing each other with just a glance.

An after-image.

Traces of memory like the graffiti on the walls  
of the tunnel.





# BRUNA ESPOSITO / PENELOPE WEHRLI

## BED OF SALT

BERLIN-NEW YORK-BERLIN,  
May 7.-May 9. 1987

### PROPOSAL FOR A PIECE OF INVISIBLE ART

I am declaring Bruna Esposito a piece of art,  
an object that will be exhibited at Storefront  
for Art & Architecture on May 7, 1987, as part  
of the Berlin/New York Exchange Project.

(closing the circle)

I ask that a ticket be paid to transport the  
piece "Bruna Esposito," so it will leave Berlin  
for New York on Thursday May 7, and return  
to Berlin the following day, May 8.

Before leaving its house in Berlin, the art-  
piece will call me in New York after which I will  
go to the gallery to activate a stop-watch that  
has been prepared there. I then will go to the  
airport to wait for the arrival of the piece. As  
soon as it has arrived we will go to the gallery.  
It will hang a picture of a/her own bed in Berlin  
on the wall next to the stop watch. It will then  
take a sleeping pill and drink a glass of water.  
As soon as the pill begins to work, the art-  
piece will lay down to sleep in a bed of salt un-  
derneath the clock and the picture.

ART IS ASLEEP.

SLEEP IS A PLACE OF DISAPPEARANCE.

DISAPPEARANCE IS INVISIBILITY.

INVISIBILITY IS ART.

As the piece is falling asleep, I will pick up a  
second watch and time it to be ringing six  
hours later. I will hang this watch above the  
sleeping art-piece. When the clock rings after  
six hours, I will wake it up and we will return to  
the airport to wait for the plane to leave for Ber-  
lin. As the object has returned to its home, it  
will call me again and I will go to the gallery to  
stop stopping the time.

ART IS INVISIBLE.

(Closing the circle which describes the de-  
velopment of a project, from the first flash of  
thought in a person's [Bruna Esposito's] brain  
[1984], through all its phases of change up to  
the present and so far final stage.)

SIX HOURS

six hours of sleep

six hours the time difference, Berlin/New York  
shifted time

the same life at a different point in time—or  
the same timespans but a different life?—  
or—anyway it doesn't matter it just makes it  
more difficult to communicate; I eat lunch  
when you go to sleep.

INFORMATION AND CULTURE TRAVEL

FASTER THAN A BODY.

THE BODY IS THE PROBLEM OF OUR CUL-  
TURE.

—Penelope Wehrli, March 19, 1987



ART IS ASLEEP  
SLEEP IS A PLACE OF APPEARANCE  
APPEARANCE IS INVISIBLE  
AS ART.

ART IS OVERAPPEARANCE...

Berlin, April 4. 1987

Carissima Penelope,

I had a long conversation with Peter Müller last evening and I read him your invisible-art text.

I asked him his opinion on my need to force your point of becoming a sleeping-object—from my bed back to my bed sleeping all the way through the trip—and leave friends, authorities and air stewardesses to deal with my "corpus-in-transit." I was very convinced about this idea... somehow to be an art-object I could even be wearing an expensive diamond ring... X million Marks misused during sleep. This would require a higher degree of responsibility for the social surrounding.

Peter thinks this idea is "too spread out to society," and he thinks I could work out a state of self-hypnosis before my arrival. (I'm going to research this possibility.)

Well, we were talking quite a long time, and at the end he convinced me that your solution is the more meaningful one, since we face the consciousness of the art surrounding and our colleagues.

Still, I am fascinated with the idea of arriving in the gallery already asleep: my need for tragedy (or exorcism?) is always alert. The picture of my body arriving already horizontal at the exhibition—to "be there" but actually "not be there" or as "... to be or not to be..." this is the question (for me in this piece)—so what do you think?

Putting aside this "package-art-body" issue, I would say that the main point for me is now: what does it mean if I enter the opening and talk—see—exchange smiles with old friends? And what does it mean if you unload my body from a taxi (place "it" on a bed on wheels?) and carry "it" in and place "it" on the salt bed?

I could wear a photo of myself in bed enclosed in an oval amulet like the last century "portable-portrait" women carried of their loved ones in the war. Or: I wear your portrait and you wear mine. Or: we wear both our mirror-camera-double-portrait... (I am not sure about this.)

I would even be glad to hear opinions of people and friends on tape about my/your/our "presence-absence."

It's not easy... I would love to meet every person I've loved... and I know there will be no "time" to really meet and be with them... but still I come to the point of feeling that my silent-sleeping-existence would tell much more.

Much more than what? Than "making art."

than "I love you"

than "I've missed New York"

than "I've invented this Berlin/New York exchange project"

than "fuck the objects"

than "fuck the market"

than "she is/I am asleep"

than "they are tied more than 'ever' before..."

artists and...

publicum...

love BRUNA

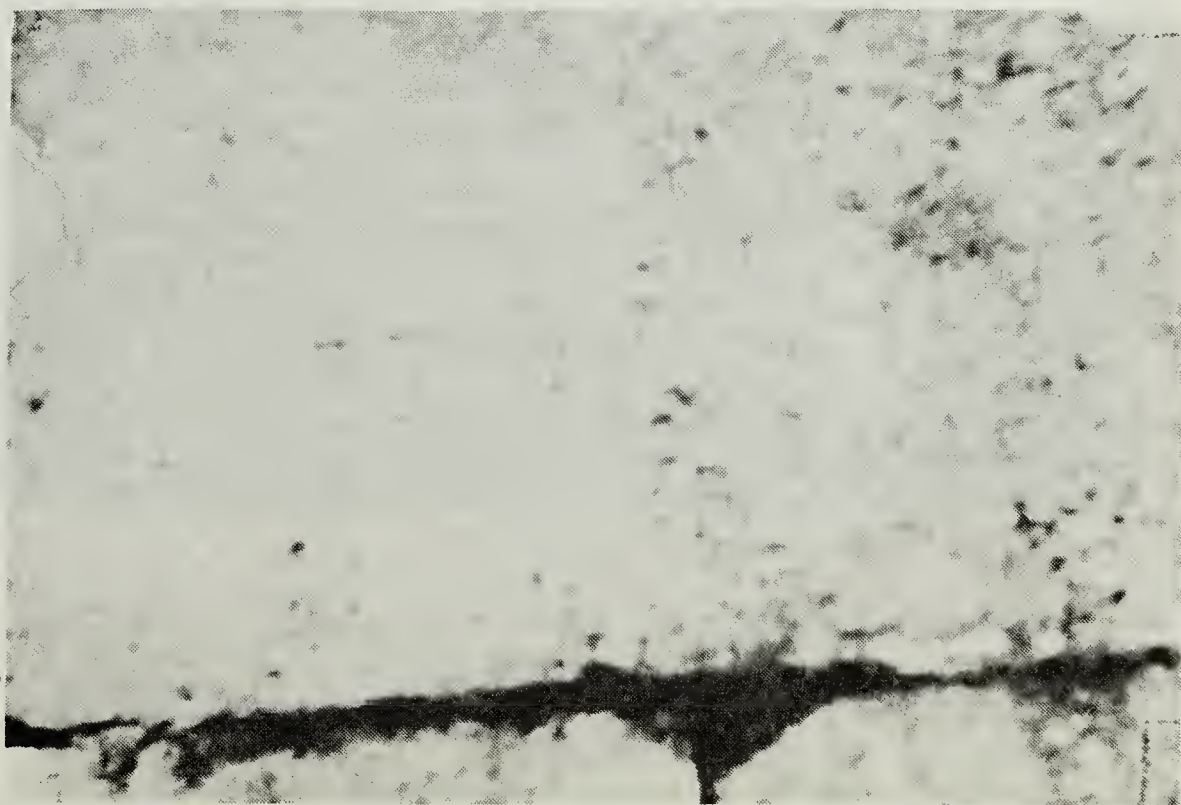
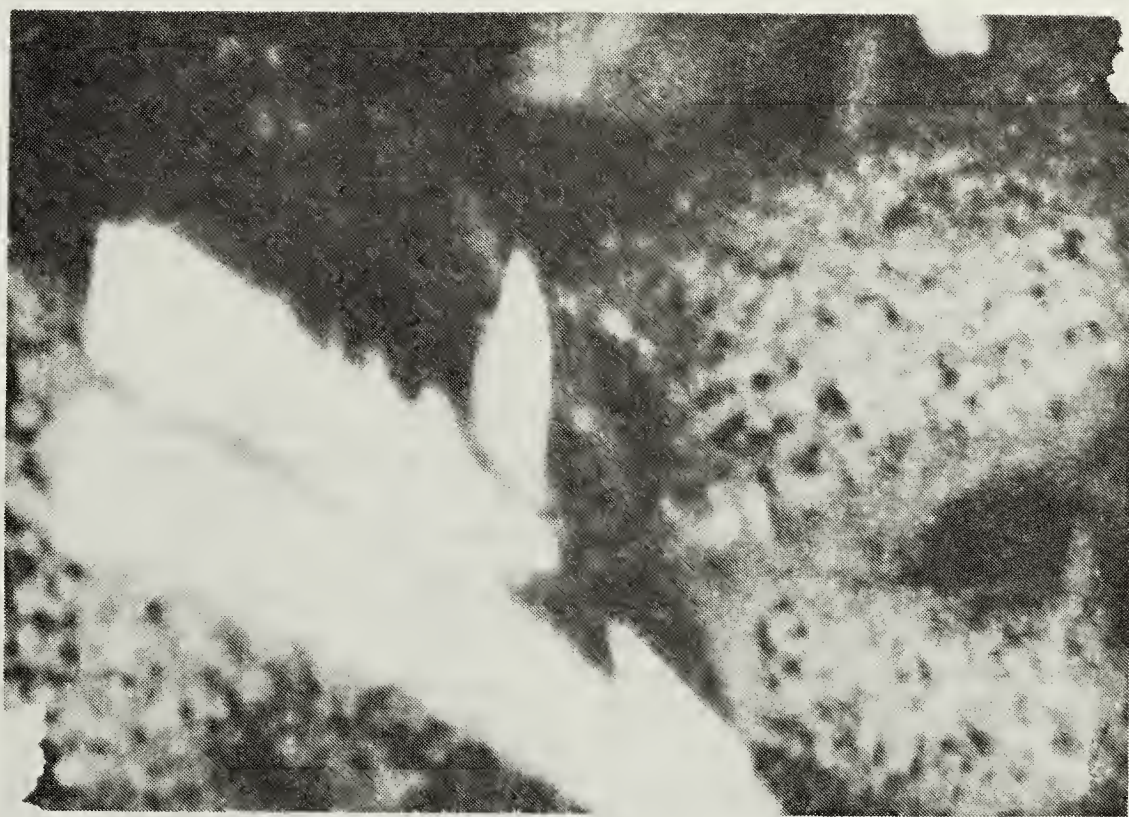
then... the body is the problem of our culture... then it is.

are we to follow the cruelty  
of being extreme?  
having her for the whole trip  
in a state of altered consciousness?  
bring in the artist/object on a stretcher?

or is this enough:  
an artist reduces his/her personality,  
comes into a gallery to sleep in public?  
w/ sensationalism, just simple sleep?

p.w. april 24. -





"mirror-camera-double portrait"  
for: "Goldenes Loch in einem Liebstockfeld"  
(an environmental performance, Kassel '86)  
and: "Labyrinthfilm"



# JOHN FEKNER / PETER MÖNNIG

John Fekner benutzt digitale Formzeichen aus Schablonen ausgeschnitten, die er meist auf Architekturen sprüht. Diese Elemente setzt er zu Sprach- und Bild-informationen zusammen, welche Widerspruch mit den tradierten Wahrnehmungs—mustern darstellen. Es entstehen Aussagen an verschiedensten Orten, die aus subjektiver Position öffentliche Anliegen aussprechen. Der Wert eines Bildes liegt somit nicht im Materialprozess sondern im kommunikativen Aspekt.

Peter Mönnigs Arbeiten bestehen aus scheinbar schwerelos agierenden Fragmenten. Ausgehend von Grundformen wie Brille, Auge oder Hand setzt er diese der universiellen Dynamik des Raumkontinuums aus, wodurch sie zu Verdichtungen einer alles durchdringenden Energie werden. Wie bei den elektronischen Wirklichkeitssimulationen optischer Computersignale sind die Skulpturen nicht mehr an die Erd—schwere gebunden, sondern lösen sich als Kraftlinien von den Bedingungen der Gravitation.

Durchdringung von Wirklichkeit erweist sich als Grundprinzip der Arbeitsweise von Fekner und Mönnig, wobei ein Gespür für die Phaenomene der Immaterialität fühlbar wird. Nur konsequent war es da, in gemeinsamer Arbeit ihre Zeichen in der Stadtlandschaft wirken zu lassen.

Derzeit ist ein Gesamtwerk in Planung, das die Bereiche Musik, Bildhauerei und Performance zusammenwirken läßt. Also Entdeckerreise durch die Zeit, während der sich animalischer Kampf gegeneinander in zielorientiertes Handeln miteinander wandelt, bringen Fekner und Mönnig ihre Verschiedenheit in eine Oper ein. Fünf Fragmente Geschichte, Geschwindigkeit, Raumfahrt, Projektion und Overture durchdringen, überlagern und kontrastieren sich gegenseitig in einem nicht-linearen Bühnenraum, der verschiedene Ebenen, Zeiten und Wortigkeiten hat. Ist das Vorspiel noch ein Irren durch ein Labyrinth und die Forscherreise der Wikinger nach Heimat und der Suche nach einer Insel noch ein

grausamer Schwertkampf, so vereint das Fragment Geschwindigkeit schon geistige Energien in ein planerisch durchdachtes Schnelligkeitsschachspiel auf schiefer Ebene. Der Teil Raumfahrt zeigt ein schwereloses Fußballspiel bei dem es ein entferntes, gemeinsam zu erreichendes Tor zu treffen gilt. Während Projektion die künstlerische Arbeit an Orten abbildet, wird gemeinsam ein freischwebender Tresor aufgeschweißt.

Nach dem Titel der Zusammenarbeit in Berlin "Wall-Hall-A" wurde auch der Name der Oper gewählt.





John Fekner & Peter Mönning: Das WALLHALLA.



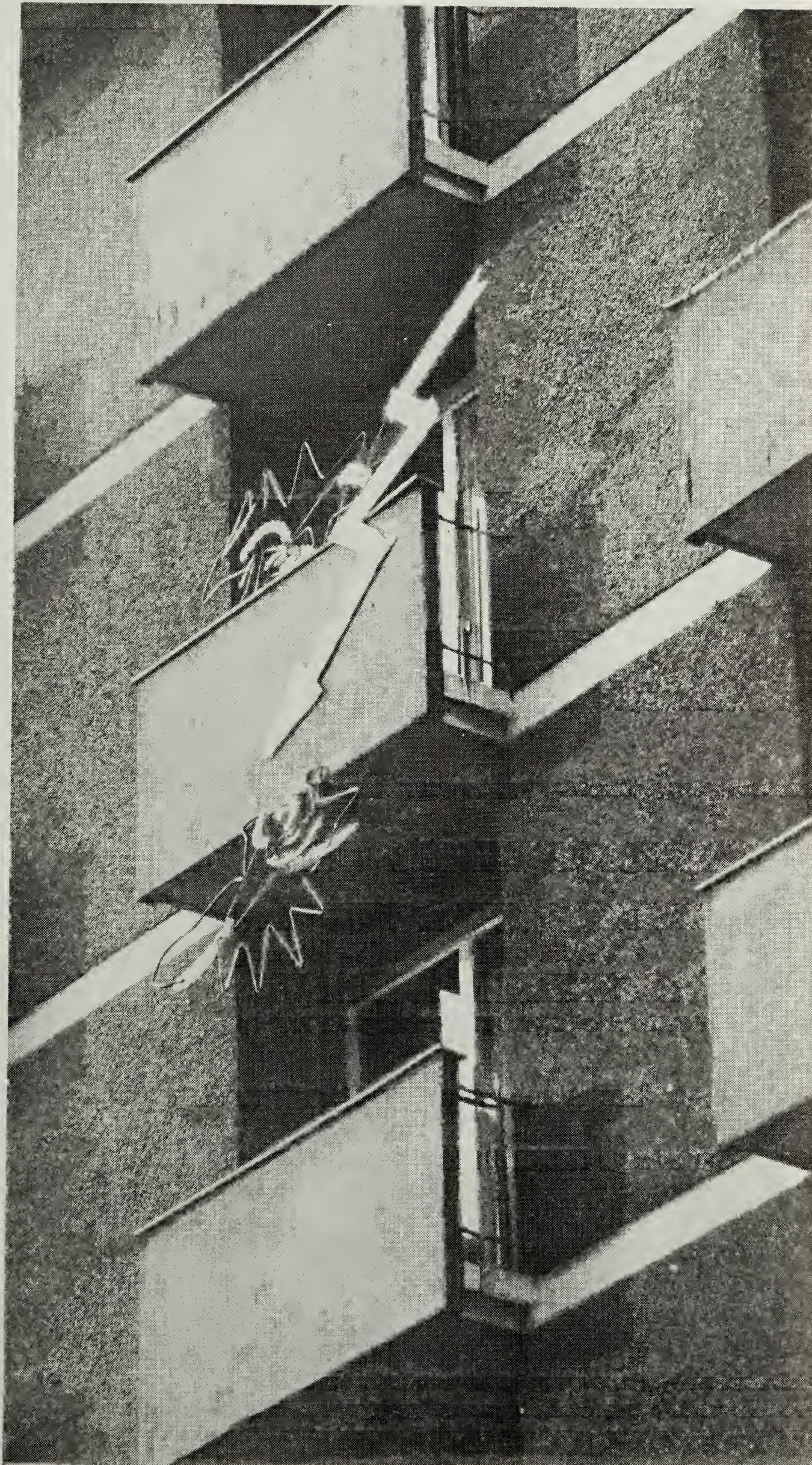


John Fekner & Peter Mönnig: Brücke Mehringdamm, Berlin.



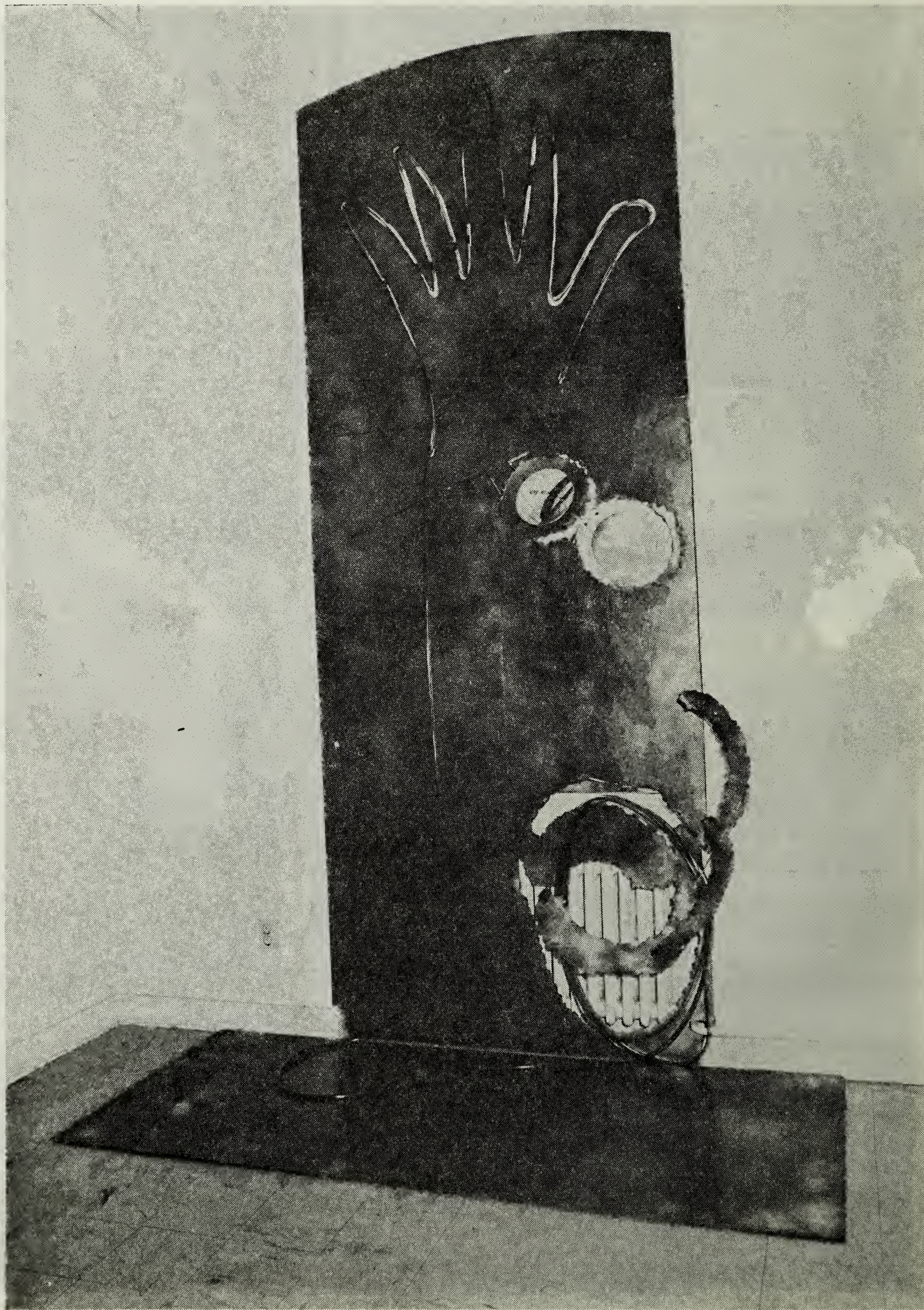
Peter Mönnig: Farbphoto, New York.





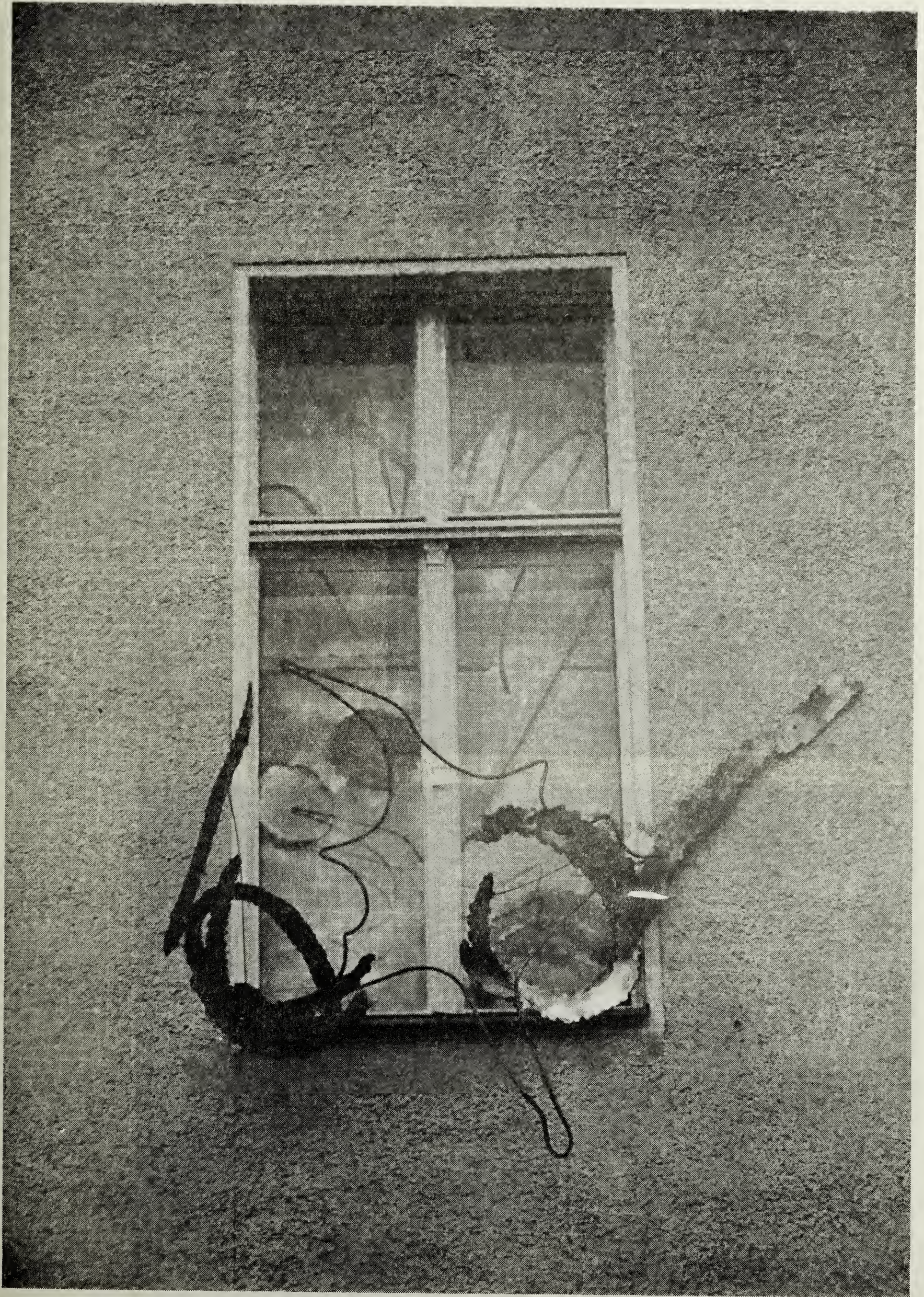
Peter Mönning: Hallesches Ufer in Berlin.





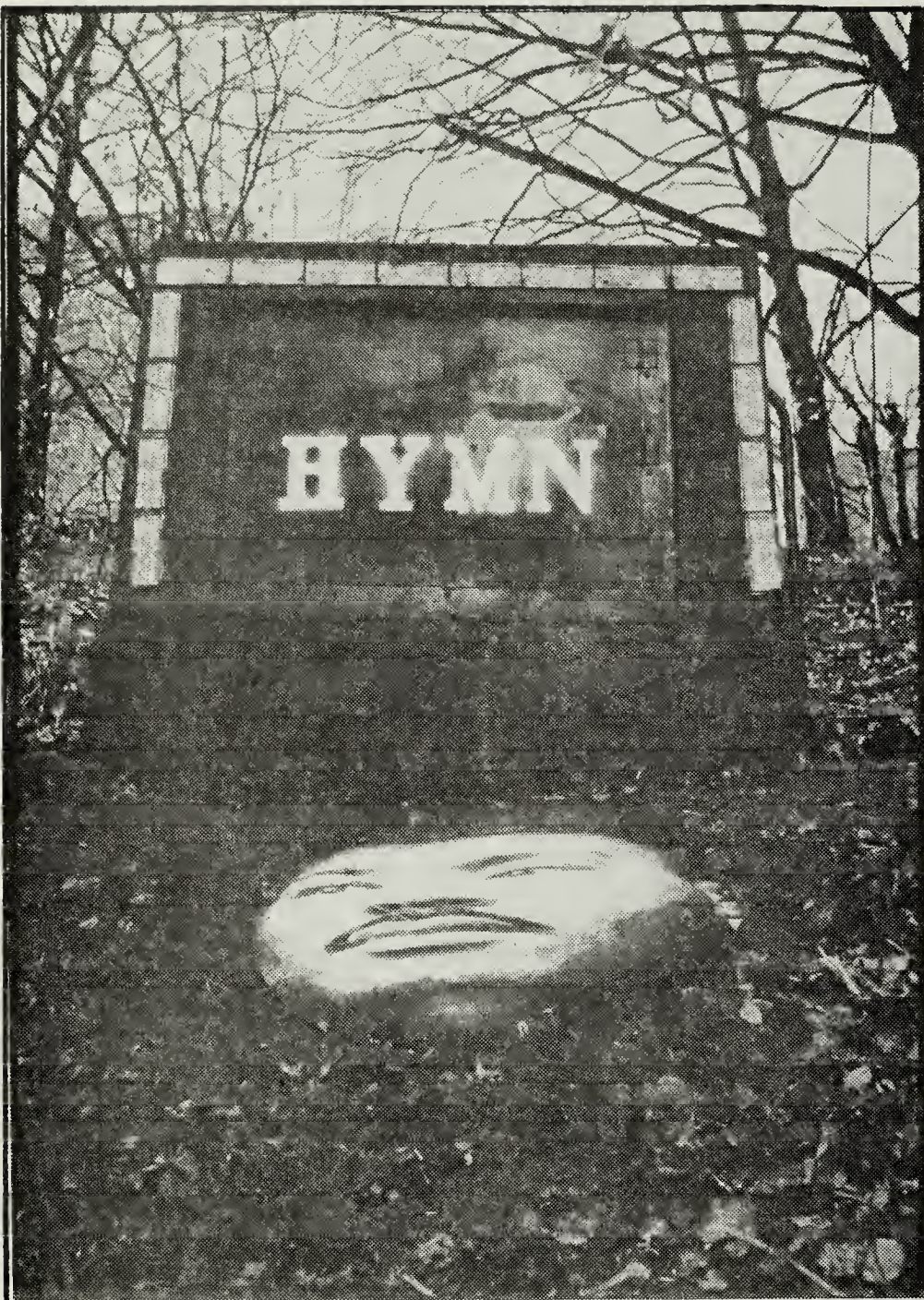
Peter Mönning: Window, Neue Gesellschaft für bildende Kunst (NGBK), Berlin.





Peter Mönnig: Window, NGBK, Berlin.



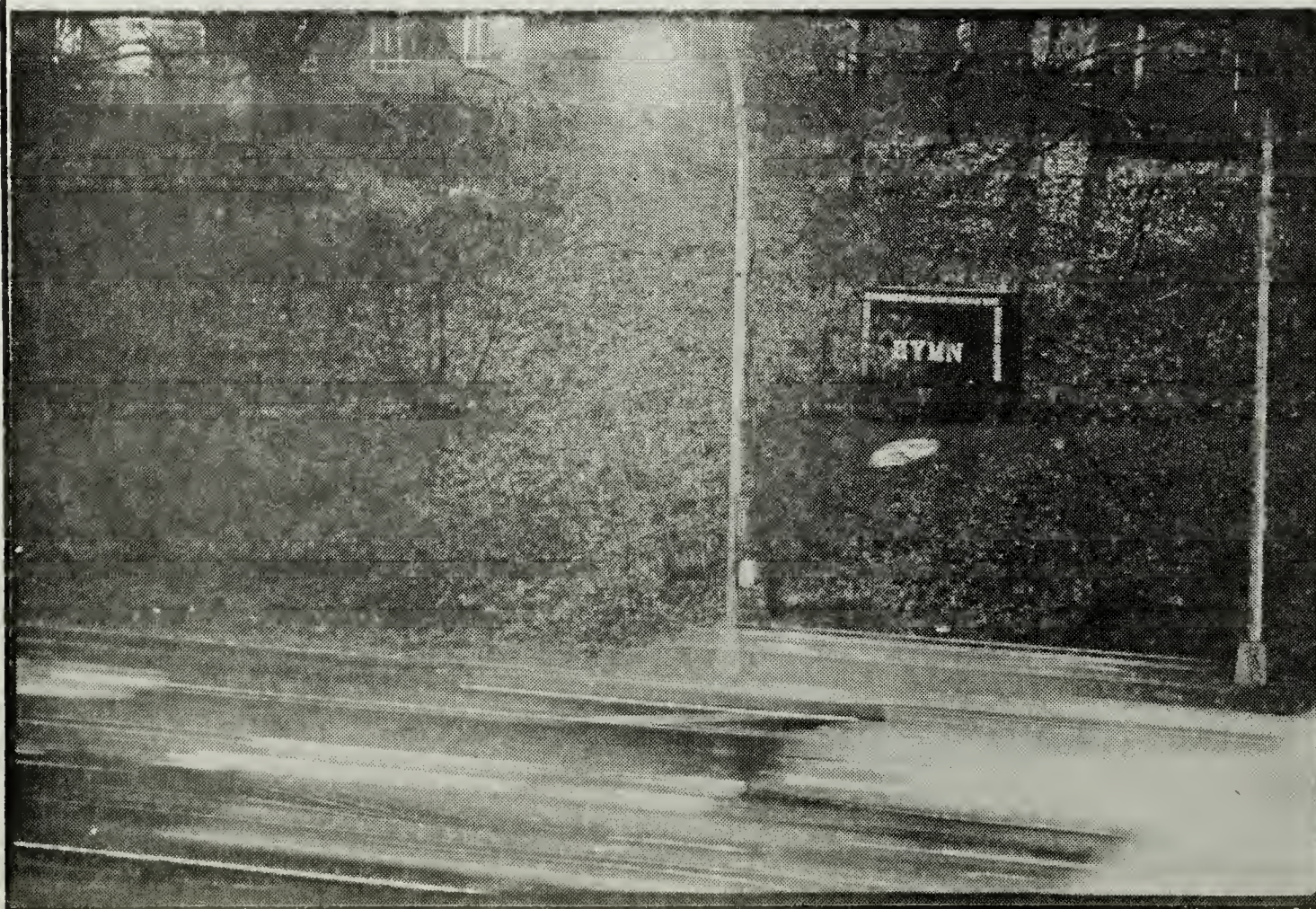


## **"HYMN"**

"HYMN" is a collaboration between John Fekner and Brian Albert. The project was constructed on an embankment overlooking the Grand Central Parkway in New York City.

The piece consists of a tombstone-shaped concrete electrical powerbox painted black with the word "HYMN" stencilled in 12-inch high white letters. Flush with the ground, in front of the "tombstone" lies a translucent 40"x50" black and white photographic portrait of Martin Luther King, Jr., illuminated from a light source in the ground. The electricity necessary for the underground lighting is tapped from a streetlamp which switches on at sunset.

Proximity of the project to the highway is especially timely because of the recent death of a black youth struck by a car in a racial attack in Howard Beach, Queens. 1987







Still from "Concrete People" videotape. Text: John Fekner. Image: Andrew Ruhren.



John Fekner: Still from "Concrete People," computer graphics videotape, 1986 (5 min.).



Sasha Sumner's "How Can I Just Sit Here and Say Nothing?" performance in conjunction with "Shrine of the Silent Tongue" by John Fekner & Peter Mönnig, NGBK Gallery, Berlin, 1986.



**David Blair**, born 1956, is a video artist living in New York City.

**Arnold Dreyblatt**, born 1953, is a musician living in Berlin, Germany.

**Bruna Esposito** is a performance artist living in Berlin, Germany.

**John Fekner** is a sculptor living in Queens, New York.

**Ann Messner**, born 1952, is a sculptor living in New York City.

**Guy Martin**, born 1952, is a writer living in Brooklyn, New York.

**Peter Mönnig**, born 1955, is a sculptor living in Cologne, Germany.

**Alan Moore**, born 1951, is a video artist and writer living in New York City.

**Bärbel Rothhaar**, born 1957, is a painter living in Berlin, Germany.

**Norbert Stück**, born 1952, is a sculptor living in Berlin, Germany.

**Penelope Wehrli**, born 1957, is a filmmaker living in New York City.

**Werner Zein**, born 1958, is a video artist living in Berlin, Germany.





STOREFRONT, founded in 1982, is a collective forum for independent artists and architects with a common purpose of collaboration and synthesis of aesthetic quest and public life. As a collective, STOREFRONT is an epicenter of alternative works of art and architecture, a counterpoint to the circle of conventionalists. As a forum, STOREFRONT is a place for constructive dialogue on critical issues in art and architecture, not an arena of divisive action by professionalists. STOREFRONT supports and presents the individuals who propose positive vision for the human environment through the means of the arts.

The program of STOREFRONT provides constructive synthesis of aesthetic, social, pragmatic, theoretical, practical, visionary, traditional and futuristic actions. Our programs of exhibitions, projects, lectures, forums and publications present new theories, designs, and practices of art and architecture, against prevalent commercialism of the arts. STOREFRONT is an evolutionary organization responsive to our evolving culture, not a monolithic institution of stylistic entrenchment fortifying private interests. We are shaped by artists and architects with aesthetic freedom and moral consciousness to create and invent constructive alternatives for our future. We exist for you.

# STOREFRONT

for Art & Architecture

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## **PERSONAL CINEMA PROGRAM** Spring Series 1987

**SATURDAY, MAY 16**

**ARMED FORCES DAY SPECTACLE** in conjunction with **BERLIN/NEW YORK** exchange project  
**Film & Video:** PENELOPE WEHRLI: *Vereisung Berlin* • ANNE MESSNER: *Subway Frogman & Balloon* • WERNER ZEIN: *Lautlose Jagd* • JOHN FEKNER: *Concrete People*  
**Performance & Actions:** THE SLEAZEBUCKETS: Prologue from *Tutto Incluso/Everything Included* • HOWIE SOLO *Armed Forces Day Annual* • DIANE TORR • NORBERT STÜCK • GUY MARTIN Reading • DAVID BLAIR & ALAN MOORE: *Military Television* Long program entails two admission prices; call for details

**SATURDAY, MAY 23**—YERVANT GIANIKIAN & ANGELA RICCI LUCCHI: *From the Pole to the Equator* (Italy)

### **FILMS FROM WEST GERMANY—**

**SATURDAY, MAY 29**

LOTHAR LAMPERT: *Desert of Love*

**SATURDAY, MAY 30**

MICHAEL BRINNTRUP: *Jesus*

**FRIDAY, JUNE 5**—NEW FILMS PROGRAM

HILTRUD KOHNE: *Zitrusfruchte* and *Na Gut, Schlachtet Alle Gummibärchen* • JOACHIM GROMMER: *The Visiting Artist*  
• STEPHAN SACHS: *Le Dauphin* and other films

**SATURDAY, JUNE 6**

NOLL BRINCKMANN: *Der Vater, Polstermöbel im Grünen, Ein Halbes Leben, Die Urszene* and other films

**SATURDAY, JUNE 12**

MARIELLE HAHNE & CATHY JORITZ: *Augenlust*

**SATURDAY, JUNE 13**—OPEN SCREENING

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**MAY 19 to  
JUNE 20** at

GOETHE HOUSE  
OPENING RECEPTION  
TUESDAY, MAY 19, 5:30  
TO 7:30 P.M.

**EXHIBITION: KÄTHE KOLLWITZ (1867-1945)**

About 35 prints by this world-famous Expressionist who devoted her entire oeuvre to suffering and social injustice. In 1918, Kollwitz became the first woman in Germany to be appointed to a teaching position at the Institute of Fine Arts in Berlin. She was fired when the Nazis came to power in 1933.

This exhibition is on loan from the SINDIN GALLERIES of New York. A tour of the Goethe Institutes in the United States and Canada is in preparation.

MARTHA KEARNS, art historian and author of "Käthe Kollwitz, Woman and Artist," will join us for a gallery talk.

**SAT, MAY 23  
and SUN, MAY  
24** at DANCE SPACE PRO-

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**DANCE: TANZFABRIK BERLIN - FACING TIME**

Since its founding in 1978, the Tanzfabrik Berlin (Dance Factory Berlin) has evolved as a center for modern dance, improvisation and experimental dance forms.

"Facing Time" consists of six interlocking sections with such titles as Circle, Pendulum, Windrose, Labyrinth; but one should not have any expectations of realistically danced scenes. Instead, improvised movement sequences loosely associated to their titles. Three women dancing on clear and simply geometric pathways, dancing lyrically, explosively, coolly, emotionally - never leaving the stage, never stopping the dance. Music inspired by the dance, dancers driven by the music, movement overpowering the silence.

**MAY 7 to 16** at

GOETHE HOUSE (Free  
tickets one hour prior to  
screening)

**THURS, MAY  
7**, 6:30 PM

**FILM: BERLIN KALEIDOSCOPE**

Over the years, the producer/director team Bengt and Irmgard von zur Mühlen, Chronos Film, has charted the history of Berlin in creating outstanding historical compilation films using rare footage from their archive collection.

BERLIN AT THE TIME OF THE KAISER, 1984, by Irmgard von zur Mühlen, 90 min., b/w, English narration.

A rare view of the life of the Berliners at the beginning of this century - a life of splendor and misery. The filmmaker captures the changes and developments that took place between the turn of the century and the outbreak of World War I, the transformation of the people under the horrors of the war, and the abdication of the Kaiser, and the beginnings of a new era.

**SAT, MAY 9,**  
2:00 PM

BERLIN IN THE TWENTIES, 1986, by Irmgard von zur Mühlen, b/w, 90 min., English narration.

Documents from the former Reichsfilmarchiv have been obtained from Potsdam and Moscow to recreate the fascinating variety of life in Berlin of the twenties. Texts by poets and journalists of the time, songs from the cabaret, rare photo documents of stage director Erwin Piscator, playwright Ernst Toller, actor Alexander Moissi, and others are juxtaposed to the turbulent scene of a city torn by political strife.

**TUES, MAY  
12**, 6:30 PM

BERLIN UNDER THE SWASTIKA, 1987 by Irmgard von zur Mühlen, b/w, 80 min., English narration.

Upheavals and changes mark the thirties in Berlin. In her newest film, the filmmaker draws a vivid portrayal of the city becoming the capital of the Third Reich.

**THURS, MAY  
14**, 6:30 PM

HOME FRONT BERLIN, 1983, by Irmgard von zur Mühlen, b/w, 90 min., English narration.

Unknown or neglected footage of war-time Berlin and its destruction from the air is underscored by selected texts from letters and diaries kept by women eye witnesses which contribute immediacy to this "grass roots" view of war-torn Berlin.

**SAT, MAY 16,**  
2:00 PM

A DAY IN JULY — BERLIN 1945, 1974, by John Lionel Bandmann and Jost von Murr, color, 45 min., English narration.

On foot, by jeep and low-flying plane, American cameramen shot in color what they saw when they occupied the western parts of Berlin in July 1945: The devastation, Berliners in search of food or missing family members, the refugees, but also the first attempts at the good life - a unique document.

THALIA IN RUINS, 1982, by Irmgard von zur Mühlen, color and b/w, 57 min., English narration.

Berlin during the immediate post-WW II period: In the as yet undivided city, the theater came back to life quickly. Among the ruins, out of next to nothing, some of the finest theater productions were created in an atmosphere of newly found cultural freedom.



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R. Centing, *Choice* 1986



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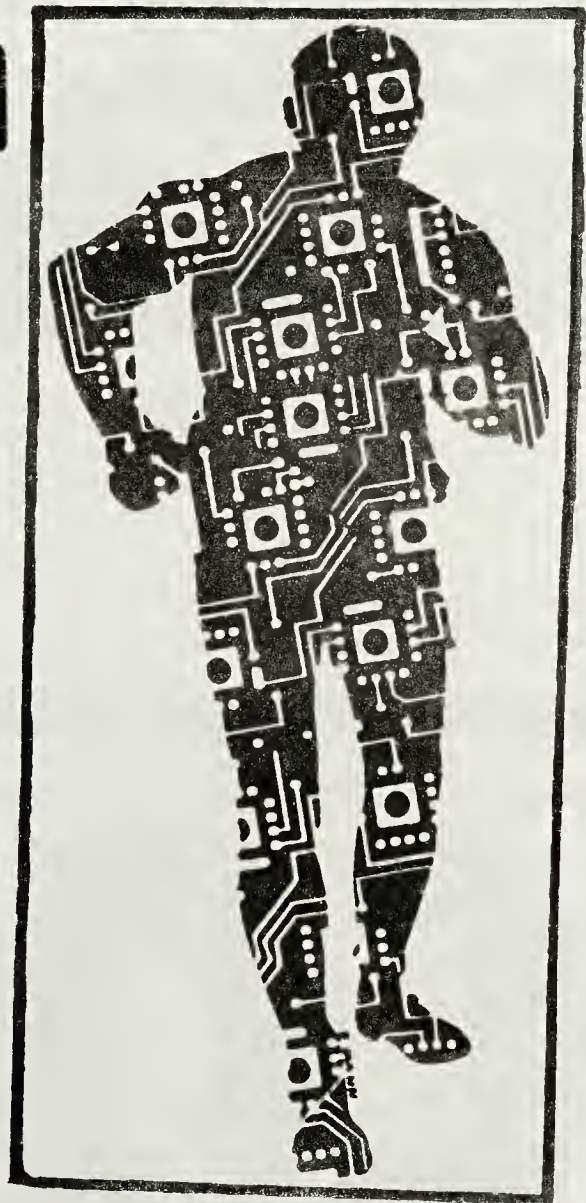
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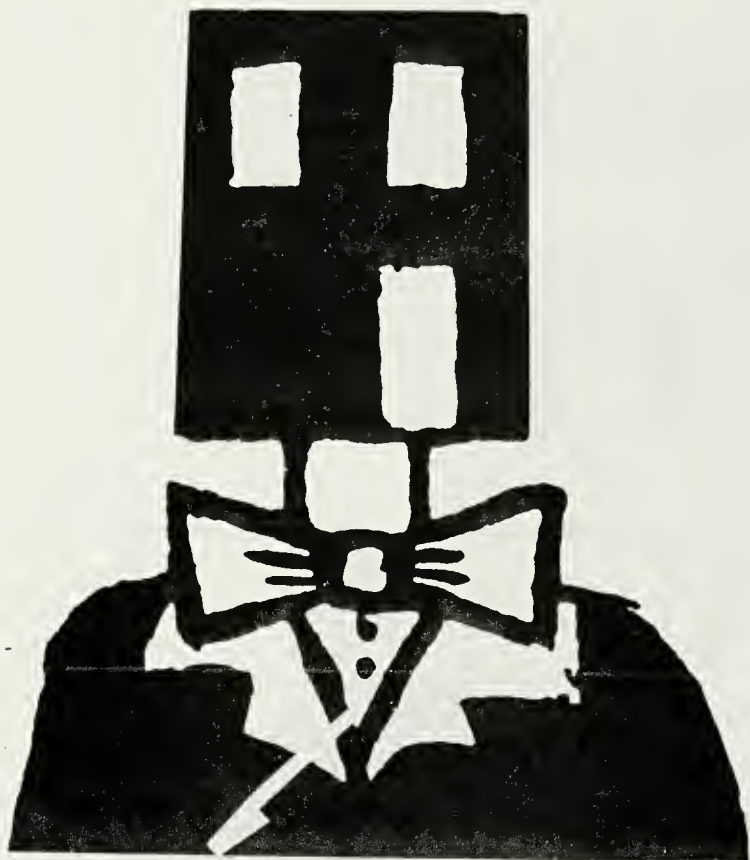
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